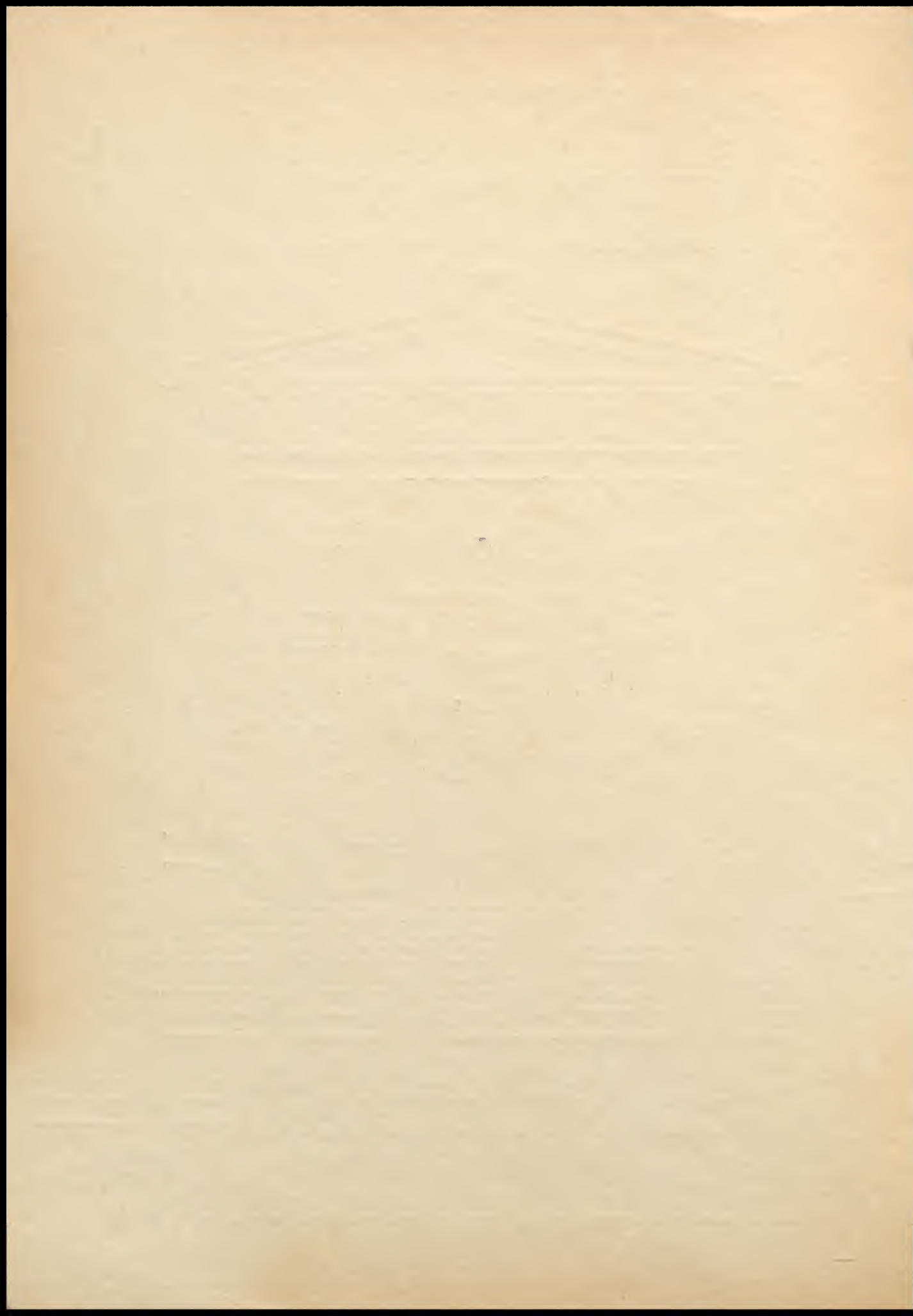


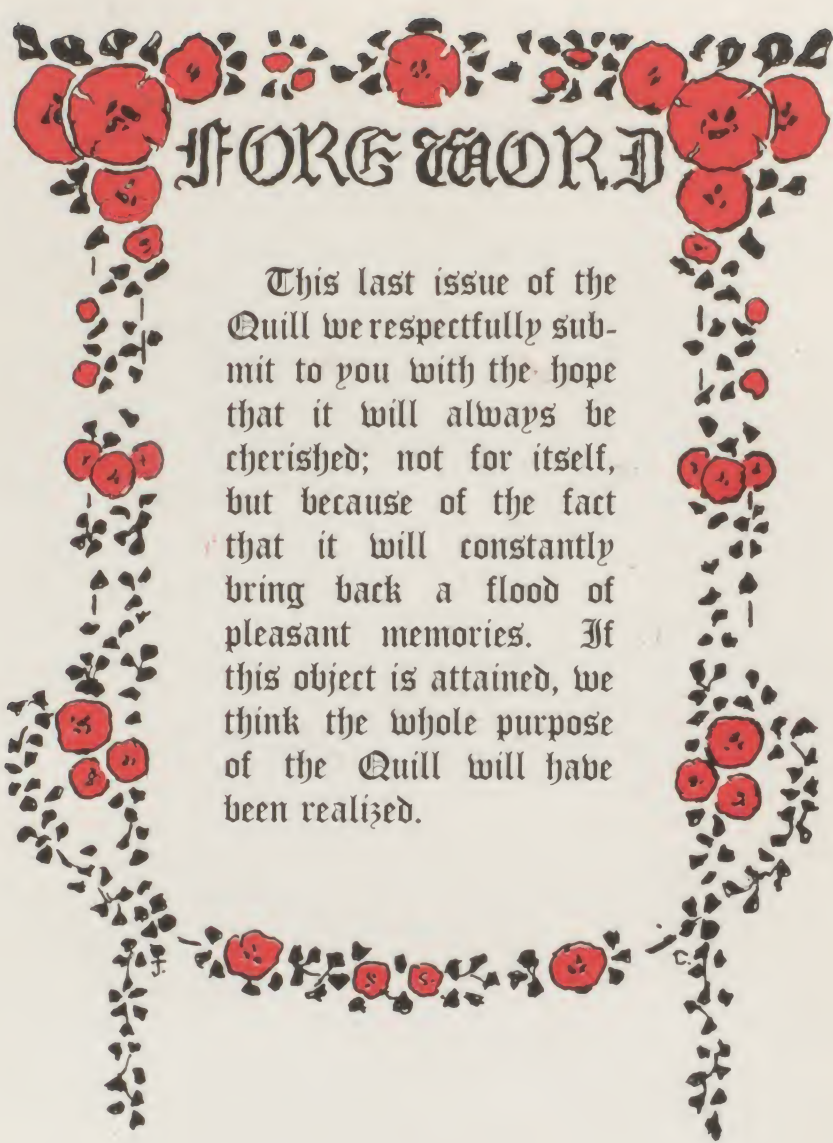
THE QUILL



COMMENCEMENT
1916







FORGOTTEN

This last issue of the Quill we respectfully submit to you with the hope that it will always be cherished; not for itself, but because of the fact that it will constantly bring back a flood of pleasant memories. If this object is attained, we think the whole purpose of the Quill will have been realized.



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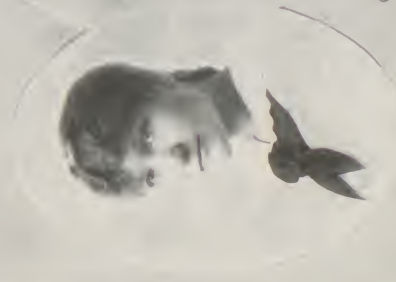
Amy Campbell



Milo Docky



Margaret Haver



Amy Coventry



Clarence Fackler



Kenneth Henkle



Roy Banta



Carl Juline



Joanita Mastland

"Dum licet utere"



"Use it, while you may"



VOL. XII

DES MOINES, IOWA, MAY, 1916

No. 7

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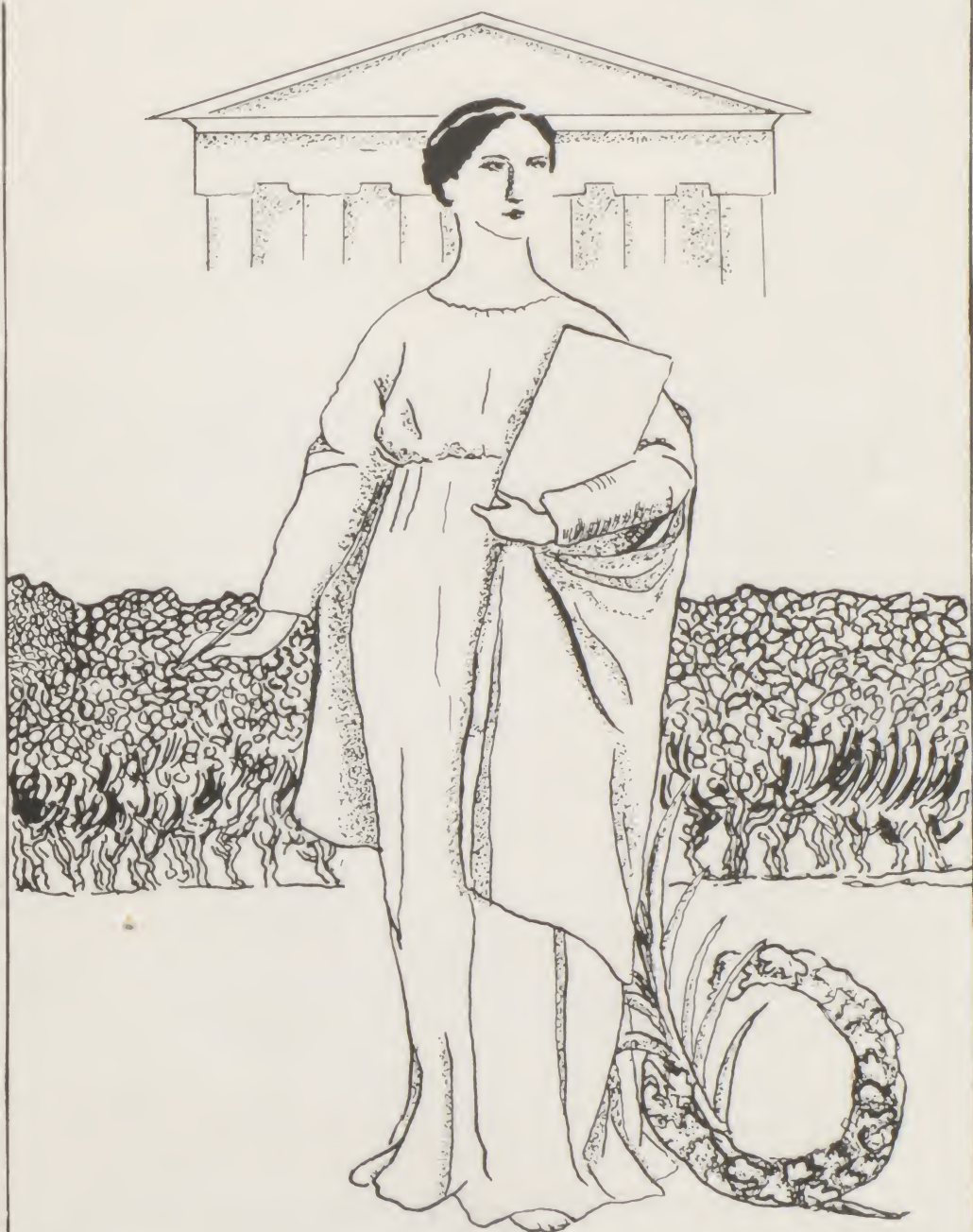
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SENIORS





ESTHER LEONE ALLEN "Mary Ann"
"The Mouse Trap," '16.
"Musc not that I thus suddenly
proceed;
For what I will, I will, and
there's an end."



OLIVE ARNEY
"What would you have? Your
gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to
gentleness."



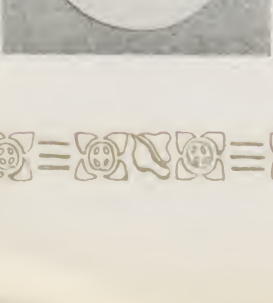
EVA M. ALTMAN
"And in the morn and liquid dew
of youth—"



ROY BANTA
Quill, '16; Class Treasurer; "The
Taming of the Shrew," '16;
Basketball, '13-4-5-6; "Christ-
mas Carol."
"There is a kind of character in
thy life
That to the observer doth thy
history fully unfold."



MABEL LARINA ANDERSON "May"
"For where is an author in the
world
Teaches such beauty as a wom-
an's eye?"



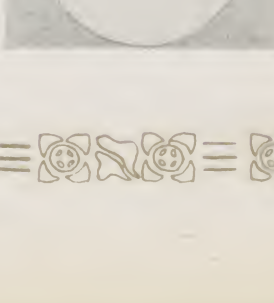
WARREN BASSETT "Doc"
Quill, '16; Junior Quill, '15;
"Aunt Jane," '15; "The Taming
of the Shrew," '16; Debating
Society, '15-6; Boys' Club, '15;
Wireless Club, '14; Basketball,
'15-6; Shakespeare Festival, '16.
"Why then the world's mine
oyster,
Which I with sword will open."

WILLIAM MCKINLEY ARNOLD "Mac"
"The Mouse Trap," '16; "The
Christmas Carol," '15; "The
Bishop's Candlesticks," '16.
"And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give
place."

GRETCHEN BECKMAN
"Ne'er stepping o'er the bounds of
modesty."

VIVIAN ARNEY
"All her perfections challenge sov-
ereignty."

IRENE BENSON "Bennie"
"I cannot but remember but
things were
That were most precious to me."





HARRY BERLOVICH "Prop"
"The Taming of the Shrew," '16;
Wireless Club, '14; Debating
Society, '15-6.
"His word might bear my wealth
at any time."



FLETCHER BROWN
Track, '16.
"I were but little happy, if I could
could say how much."



CORA BLUMENSTEIN
Glee Club, '13-4.
"When you depart from me, sor-
row abides and happiness
takes its leave."



MARY LOUISE BRUMFIELD
"So long this lives, and this gives
life to thee."



CARL BORG "Borgie"
Basketball, '15-6.
"The force of his own merit makes
his way."

MARJORIE MARIE BRUNER "May"
Glee Club, '14-5; "The Fair Co-
ed," '15.
"Who is't can read a woman?"

ONA BROCKETT "Onie"
Glee Club, '15-6.
"A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

RACHEL R. BUSH "Tachie"
"The better part of valor is . . .
discretion."

DWAYNE BROWN "Brownie"
Boys' Club, '16; Track, '13-4-5-6.
" 'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good
men's love."

AMY E. CAMPBELL
Quill; "Christmas Carol," '15.
"How noble in reason! how infi-
nite in faculties!"





EMIL REINOLD CARLSON
Debating Society, '14-5-6; Boys' Club.
"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."



SARA D. CHAPMAN
Choral Club, '14.
"Why I Have no delight to pass away the time."



MARTIN CARLSON
Boys' Club, '16.
"Come, give us a taste of your quality."



ISADOR CHAPMAN
Basketball, '15-6. "Al"
"I do know of those, That therefore are reputed wise for saying nothing."



LEILA CARLSON
"Lee"
"Her virtues, graced with external gifts, Do breed love's settled passions in my heart."

MYRTLE CHIELGREN
"Possessed with such a gentle sovereign grace, Of such enchanting presence and discourse."

LAWRENCE CARTER
"Nick"
Quill, '16; Junior Quill, '15; Glee Club, '15; "The Taming of the Shrew;" Shakespeare Festival, '16; Boys' Club, '15; "The Bishop's Candlesticks."
"I profess not talking; only this, Let each man do his best."

CATHERINE ELOISE CHRISTENSEN
"I count myself in nothing else so happy, As in soul remembering my good friends."

RUPERT E. CELANDER
"Swede"
Debating Society, '13-4-5; Wireless Club, '14; Basketball, '13; Boys' Club, '15-6; "The Bishop's Candlesticks."
"I warrant you are a merry fellow and carest for nothing."

CARL CHRISTOPHERSON
"Noble and young, When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit."





RUTH COHEN

*Glee Club, '13; Junior Quill, '15;
Quill, '16; "The Mouse Trap;"
"The Japanese Girl."
"She bore a mind that envy could
not but call fair."*



ERMA COREY

"Ernie"

*"For she is wise, if I can judge of
her; and fair she is, if that
mine eyes be true; and true
she is, as she hath proved
herself."*



EDNA RUTH CURTIS

*Junior Quill, '15; Girls' Club.
"Your presence makes us rich."*



PEARL WINIFRED COTTRELL

*Glee Club, '15-6; Orchestra, '15-6;
Junior Quill, '15; Quill, '16.
"Those about her
From her shall learn the perfect
ways of honor."*



MARVIN ROLLO DAVIDSON

"Sleepy"

*Track, '14; "The Littlest Rebel;"
Boys' Club, '15-6; "Twelfth Night;"
Junior Quill, '15; Quill, '16.
"The glass of fashion and the
mold of form,
The observed of all observers!"*



AMY ROSELIA COVENTRY

*Junior Quill, '15; Quill, '16; Girls'
Club, Vice President, '16.
"She will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her."*



ESTHER DAVIDSON

"Your glass

*Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet
know not of."*



MAUD CRAWFORD

*"When I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be
blind."*



EVELYN DAVIS

*Choral Club, '15-6.
"And she is fair and fairer than
that word, of wondrous virtues."*





FRANK DEAN

"Taming of the Shrew;" Christmas Carol;" Track, '16; Basketball, '16.

*"The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation."*



CECELIA ELMAN

Girls' Club, '15-6.

*"Never anything can come amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it."*



MAMIE DIGGS

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."



FANNIE FANCHION ELMAN

Choral Club, '16; Girls' Club, '15-6.

*"See where she comes appareled
like the spring."*



PEARL CAROLINA ELLISON

"Moses"

*"Sweet thoughts do ever refresh
my labor."*

TURE ENGSTROM

"Twelfth Night."

*"Our content
Is our best having."*



ORVILLE W. ELLIS

*Track, '14-5; Band, '15; Boys' Club, '16; "Christmas Carol;"
Class Vice President.*

"No legacy is so rich as honesty."



IDA LORAIN ERVIN

*"O, so light of foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint."*



LEONA ROSE ELLIS

Choral Club, '14-5-6.

*"I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so."*



JACOB EVANSON

"Jake"

Band, '15; Orchestra, '14-5.

*"Be merry, you have cause,
So have we all, of joy."*





CLARENCE W. FACKLER
Wireless Club, '14; Debating, '15-6;
Boys' Glee Club, '15-6; Junior
Quill, '15; Quill, '16; "Taming
of the Shrew."
"All that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath
estimate."



DANIEL LEROY GARWICH "Candy"
Octagon Club.
Boys' Club.
"But I am constant as the North-
ern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting
quality
There is no fellow in the firma-
ment."



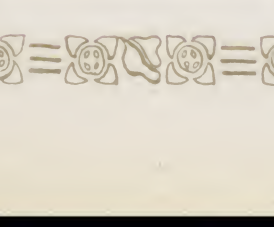
IRENE FINN "If"
"Who's a Coward;" Choral Club,
'13-4-5-6.
"I am sure care's an enemy to
life."



CHARLES BRUCE GOULD "Gooly"
Debating, '15-6; "Aunt Jane;"
"The Taming of the Shrew;"
"The Littlest Rebel;" "Christ-
mas Carol;" Wireless Club;
Junior Quill, '15; Quill, '16;
Basketball, '15; Boys' Club;
Shakespearean Festival.
"Heaven knows, I had no such
intent;
But that necessity so bow'd the
state,
That I and greatness were com-
pell'd to kiss."



LILLIAN RUTH FISHER "Lil"
Glee Club, '13-4-5-6; "The Fair
Co-ed;" "The Japanese Operetta."
"Her face the book of praises
where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures."



JAMES L. GREEN "Stub"
"Who's a Coward;" "The Littlest
Rebel;" Track, '13.
"I am not of that feather to shake
off
My friend when he most needs
me."

MILDRED FRANK
Choral Club, '16; Orchestra,
'14-5-6.
"Oh! she will sing the savageness
Out of a bear."

HELEN MARY GREEVER
Girls' Club, President, '15-6; Jun-
ior Quill, '15; Quill, '16; "Christ-
mas Carol."
"The all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first
the world began."

CHARLES FRIEDE
"May your distinguishing mark
be merit rather than money."

MILDRED IZELLE GRIFFIN
"Fearless minds climb soonest
unto crowns."





WILLIAM GRUND "Bill"
Basketball, '13-4-5-6; Track,
'13-4-5.

"'Tis much he dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of
his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide
his valor
To act in safety."



THERESA E. HENLEY "Jimmy"
Girls' Club, '15-6; Choral Club,
'15-6

"Let me be that I am, and seek
not to alter me."



BESSIE M. HARVEY "Bess"
Choral Club, '15-6.

"The hand that hath made you
fair hath made you good."



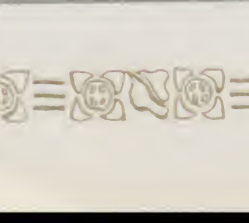
EDITH HEARSHMAN
Choral Club, '15-6.

"Beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melt-
eth into blood."



HULDAH HASKAMP "Hoddie"
Bible Class, '15; Girls' Club, '15-6;
Shakesperean Festival.

"Grace, being the soul of your
complexion,
Shall keep the body of it ever
fair."



BESSIE HURWITCH
"Silence is the perfectest herald
of joy."

MARGARET M. HAVER "Peggy"
Junior Quill, '15; Quill, '16; Glee
Club, '15-6; Choral Club, '15-6;
Girls' Club, '15.
"A virtuous gentlewoman, mild
and beautiful."

RUTH HOLT
Junior Quill, '15; Choral Club, '16;
Girls' Club, '15-6; Bible Class,
'15-6; Shakesperean Festival;
"The Taming of the Shrew."
"There's nothing ill can dwell in
such a temple."

KENNETH FRANKLIN HENKLE "Henk"
Debating Society, '13-4-5-6; Glee
Club, '14-5; Choral Club, '14-5;
Boys' Club, '15-6; Wireless Club,
'14; Commercial Club, '16;
"Who's a Coward," Quill, '15-16.
"Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argu-
ment."

RACHEL E. HOLT
"Every eye shall see thy virtue
witnessed everywhere."





JOHN WALDO HOLT

Debating Society, '16; Boys' Club, '16.

"I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me."



CLARENCE REYNOLD JOHNSON "Pat"

Shakesperean Festival, Orchestra, '16; Band, '16.

"He is a very proper man."



CHARLES P. HOWARD "Chuck"

Football, '15; Basketball, '15-6; Track, '15; Debating Society, '16; Commercial Club, '16; Boys' Club, '16.

*"He reads much,
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men."*



CARL JULINE "Julie"

Debating Society, '16; Boys' Club, '15; Quill, '16; Wireless Club, '14.

"A man he is of honesty and trust."



GLADYCE SUE HUDSON "Hudy"

Junior Quill, '15.

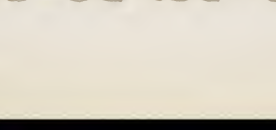
*"Virtue, and she
Is her own dower."*



MAX KAPLAN "Kid Coney"

Basketball, '16.

"He hath indeed a good outward happiness."



TOM K. HUDSON "Duke"

Class President; Debating Society, '13-4-5-6; Boys' Club, '14-5-6; Boys' Glee Club, '13-4-5; Choral Club, '14-5-6; Basketball, '14-5; "Midsummer Night's Dream;" "Aunt Jane;" "Taming of the Shrew;" "Twelfth Night;" "The Bishop's Candlesticks."

*"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity
Finer than the staple of his argument."*



NELLIE MAE KENEVAL "Peg"

"There is a fair behavior in thee."



REUBEN HUSSMAN "Spot"

Wireless Club, '14.

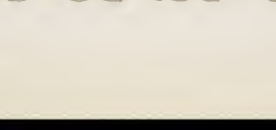
"He is of a noble strain, of approved valor and affirmed honesty."



HELEN E. KOCH

Orchestra, '13-4-5-6; Choral Club, '16.

*"A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet that
her motion
Blush'd at herself."*



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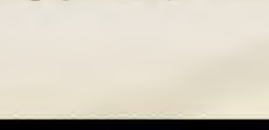
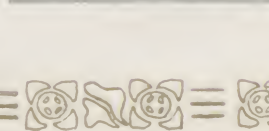
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Of spirit so still and quiet that
her motion
Blush'd at herself."*





GRETCHEN KOENIGSBERGER "Dutch"
Junior Quill, '15; "The Fair
Co-ed."

"There's not a man I meet but
doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted
friend;
And everyone doth call me by
my name."

FRANK KURTZWELL

"'Tis but a base, ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a
bird can climb."

JACK KOUNTZ

"'Tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they
are from home."

GERTRUDE LASH

"Gerty"
Glee Club, '15; "The Bishop's
Candlesticks."

"She is all that is virtuous."

ELIZABETH E. KUCHARO

"Not stepping o'er the bonds of
modesty."

EARL F. LA SELLE

Debating Society, '15-6; Boys'
Club, '16; Glee Club, '15; "Aunt
Jane;" "The Taming of the
Shrew;" "Twelfth Night."

"Of very reverent reputation, sir;
Of credit infinite."

GLADYS C. KUEFNER

"In mine eye she is the sweetest
lady that I ever looked on."

CECELIA LAZARUS

"Chic"
Glee Club, '14-5-6; Choral Club,
'15-6.

"She is young, wise, fair."

OSCAR KULLANDER

Debating Society, '15-6; Wireless,
'14.

"Mine honor is my life; both grow
in one;
Take honor from me, and my life
is done."

FRED B. LINGENFELTER

"Red"
Track, '16.

"A fellow of infinite jest,
Of most excellent fancy."





LELA M. LINGENFELTER "Ling"
Girls' Club, '15-6; "The Taming of
the Shrew."

"Age cannot wither her, nor cus-
tom
Stale her infinite variety."



RUTH ELIZABETH NIMS
"Christmas Carol," '15; Junior
Quill, '15.

"In maiden meditation, fancy
free."



OLETA LOVE "Lovey"
Glee Club, '12; Girls' Club, Presi-
dent, '15; Quill, '16; "Twelfth
Night."

"Her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full
of light."



ELNA OLSON
"Kindness in women, not their
beauty
Shall win my love."

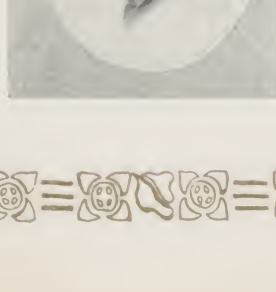
MARILLA JUANITA MAITLAND "Jack"
Choral Club, '16; Junior Quill, '15;
Quill, '16.

"And having sworn truth ever will
be true."



DWIGHT OSBORNE
Boys' Club, '16; "Taming of the
Shrew."

"To be merry best becomes you
for, out of question,
You were born in a merry hour."



DEAN MITCHELL
Football, '14; Track, '15; Glee
Club, '13-4-5-6; Class President.

"He is complete in feature and in
mind,
With all good grace to grace a
gentleman."



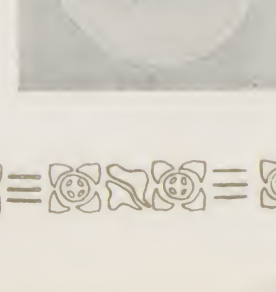
GRACE CAROLINE PATRIE
"Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues."



DORA NEWCOMB "Date"
"There are no tricks in plain and
simple faith."



HENRY ALLEN PERRY
"In faith he is exceedingly well
read."





AUSTIN M. PETERSON

*Glee Club, '14-5; Orchestra, '15-6;
Basketball, '14-5-6; "Twelfth
Night;" "The Littlest Rebel."
"I was not born under a rhyming
planet."*



PEARL RIDGEWAY

*Glee Club, '15; Commercial Club,
'16.*

*"She was the sweet marjoram, of
the salad,
Or rather the herb of grace."*



PRUDENCE PEIRCE

"Percy"

*Senior Class Secretary, '16; Girls'
Club, '15-6; Junior Quill, '15;
Quill, '16; "The Bishop's Candle-
sticks."*

*"As full of spirit as the month of
May,
And gorgeous as the sun in mid-
summer."*



LILLIAN ROTHSCCHILD

"Lil"

Choral Club, '14-5.

*"For she is sweeter than perfume
itself."*



PHOEBE DELLA LA PLANT

"Deo"

*"By my troth, a pleasant-spirited
lady."*



SYLVIA K. SAMMON

*Glee Club, '13-4-5-6; "The Fair Co-
ed," '13; "The Japanese Girl,"
'13.*

*"'Tis beauty that doth oft make
woman proud,
'Tis Virtue that doth make them
most admired."*



MILDRED D. REDHEAD

"Christmas Carol," '15.

*"She looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed
with dew."*



DAVID SAUNDERS

"Dee"

*"Be great in act as you have been
in thought."*

VERA O. REYNOLDS

*"We know what we are, but know
not what we may be."*

MARGARET SCHAFER

*"Frame your mind to mirth and
merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms
and lengthens life."*





MARY SCOTT "Scottie"
Glee Club, '16.
"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing
in woman."



RUSSELL STENSTROM "Russ"
Track, '13-4; "Taming of the
Shrew," '16.
"You have too much respect upon
this world."



MINNIE SILVERMAN "Min"
Junior Quill, '15.
"What stature is she of?
Just as high as my heart."



HARRY STIEGLITZ
"A noble life before a long."



LEON SMITH
Debating Society, '13-4; "Aunt
Jane," '15; "Christmas Carol,"
'15; Glee Club, '15; Quill, '15.
"Life every man holds dear; but
the brave man holds honor far
more precious dear than life."

VIRGIL STILL
Wireless Club; "The Littlest Reb-
el;" "Taming of the Shrew."
"God gave them wisdom that have
it."

GLADYS SNOOK "Snookie"
"Let's carry with us ears and eyes
for the time,
But hearts for the event."

MAUDE STRADLEY "Pete"
"I would applaud thee to the very
echo,
That should applaud again."

GLENN EDGAR SNYDER "Snyd"
"Christmas Carol," '15; Track,
'13-4-5-6; "Taming of the
Shrew," '16.
"His words are bonds, his oaths
are oracles,
His heart as far from fraud as
heaven from earth."

HAZEL L. C. STRANDELL "Strany"
"Thy modesty's a candle to thy
merit."





RUTH TAYLOR
"Is she not passing fair?"

ROGER MAURICE WEBLEY "Arab"
 Track, '13-4-5-6; Debating Society,
 '12-3-4-5-6; "Christmas Carol;"
 "Taming of the Shrew;" Glee
 Club.
*"Let me stay the growth of his
 beard."*

CLIFFORD TEW "Tewy"
 Football, '14-5; "The Littlest
 Rebel;" "The Bishop's Candle-
 sticks."
*"I dare do all that may become a
 man."*

MAUDE WELCH "Mud"
 Glee Club, '14.
*"Her looks did argue her replete
 with modesty."*

WILMA THATCHER "Bill"
 Choral Club, '15; "Christmas
 Carol."
*"Who chooseth me shall get what
 many desire."*

GEORGE O. WEQUIST
 Choral Club, '15-6; Boys' Club.
*"A combination, and a form, in-
 deed,
 Where every god did seem to set
 his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a
 man."*

VELMA WALLACE
 Quill, '16; Junior Quill, '15;
 Shakesperean Festival.
*"That's the lady; all the world
 loves her."*

NELLIE WESTON
*"She came adorned hither like
 sweet May."*

ALICE WARNER "Betty"
 "Christmas Carol."
*"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose
 red and white
 Nature's own sweet and cunning
 hand laid on."*

WILLIAM WHINERY "Bill"
 Glee Club, '15; Band, '16; Wireless
 Club; "Taming of the Shrew;"
 "The Bishop's Candlesticks;"
 "Christmas Carol."
*O youth, beauty, wisdom, courage,
 all."*





GEORGE WHITMER "Whit"
Football, '12-3-4-5.
*"There's no better sign of a brave
 mind than a hard hand."*



HELEN WINFREY
"So we grew together."



MARIE ANTOINETTE WHITMER "Tony"
*"She's beautiful, and therefore to
 be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore to be
 won."*



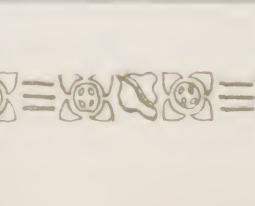
DOROTHY LOUISE WOODS "D"
*Senior Class Secretary, '15; Junior
 Quill, '15; Quill, '16; "The
 Mouse Trap."*
*"Ever a friend whose thoughts
 most truly labor
 To recompense your love."*



SHELDON A. WILLIAMS "Shock"
*"This fellow is wise enough to
 play the fool,
 And to do that well craves a kind
 of wit."*



MARY E. WRIGHT "Val"
Choral Club, '16.
*"The heavens have thought well
 on thee."*



WARD WILLIAMS
*Wireless Club; "Taming of the
 Shrew;" Junior Quill, '15; Boys'
 Club.*
*"Let me play the fool;
 With mirth and laughter let old
 wrinkles come."*



LYDIA HELEN WEISSINGER
Glee Club, '16.
*"Good name in man and woman
 Is the immediate jewel of their
 souls."*



BESSIE VIOLET WINFREY
*"The fair, the chaste, the unex-
 pressive she."*



LOUISE YARN "Tootsie"
Choral Club, '15.
"I found thee wondrous kind."





GERALD FREMONT VAN HORN "Van"

Orchestra, '13-4-5-6; Band, '14-6;
Boys' Club; Wireless Club;
Junior Quill, '15; Glee Club, '15.

"If music be the food of love, play
on."

FRANK VETTER

"Taming of the Shrew."

"One that hath been a courtier
And says, if ladies be but young
and fair,
They have the gift to know it."

MAC BYERS

Track, '13-4-5-6; Football, '13-4-5-6;
Basketball, '13-4-5-6; "Aunt
Jane;" Track Captain, '15-6.

WALTER BEEMIS

Football, '12-3-4-5; Track, '13;
Wireless Club, '14.

"Firm of word,

Speaking in deeds, and deedless
in his tongue."

FOREST KERSHAN

"Reason becomes the marshal to
my will."

HAROLD WARNOCK

"He is a man of comely virtues."

UHL LEE

Glee Club, '14-5-6; Track, '15.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can
buy,

But not expressed in fancy; rich,
not gaudy;

For the apparel oft proclaims the
man."

ELORA EDMONDS

"I have heard her reported to
be a woman of an invincible
spirit."

EDWARD EARLY

"Joe"

Basketball, '14-5-6; "Christmas
Carol," '12; Track, '15-6; Boys'
Club.

"He shall have a noble memory."

JOHN PENEGAR

"A proper man, as one shall see
in a summer's day."

JOHN PATTERSON

"Pat"

Football, '12-3-4-5; Track, '15.
"His deeds exceed all speech."

FRED LAMMEY

"I will be the pattern of all pa-
tience,

I will say nothing."

ALLAN O. GREASBY

Quill, '16; Junior Quill, '15.

"Man delights me not—nor wom-
an neither."

ANNA HARVEY

Choral Club, '15.

"Your cheek like the apple blos-
som,

Your eyes like soft stars shine."

JOHN BURKE

"Jack"

Football, '13-4-5.

"The best wishes that can be
forged in

Your thoughts be servants."

HORACE ODENDAHL

Glee Club, '12-3.

"He wears his faith but as the
fashion of his hat."

VANE OVERTURE

"Pip"

Football, '12-3-4; Captain, '15;
Track, '13-4-5-6; Basketball, '13-

4-5-6; "Aunt Jane."

"He is full of valor as of kind-
ness."

LEON SHORT

"Let the world slide."

HUBERT SHUFELT

Track, '14-5-6; Football, '14-5; De-
bating Society, '14-5-6; Boys'
Club; Commercial Club, Presi-
dent; "Aunt Jane."

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

RUDOLPH RASSMUSSEN

Junior Quill, '15.

"An absolute gentleman, full of
most excellent differences."

WILL MURPHY

"Bill"

"The Littlest Rebel."

"He was a man, take him for all
in all,

I shall not look upon his like
again."

Class Prophecy

Editors' Note—In writing this class prophecy we have attempted to keep in mind numerous fundamental requirements. For instance, it is obvious that any good football man must ipso facto (as they say in the classics) be made the coach of a winning eleven. And not to have at least one member of the class President of the United States would be sheer madness. On the other hand there must be a certain percentage of farmers' wives, of ordinary business men, of actors and actresses. In fact, to overlook the opportunity that is presented to us, that of making a number of people successors of various movie stars, would be nothing short of flying in the face of Providence. Although it is just as obvious that many people will be merely citizens (feeling that discretion is the better part of valor), we hesitated to dispose of anyone in such a summary manner. It must also be understood that we are able to speak authentically of the present, past and future. Naturally enough there was no malice nor thought of injury in the minds of the editors while making out this prophecy. Everything is in the spirit of good fun and we hope that it will be accepted in that light.

VELMA WALLACE

Her group entitled "World's Peace," combines modern thought with the perfection of the old Greek sculptors.

GEORGE WEQUIST

He early became famous with the Red Sox as their bat boy, but in an angry moment he threw up the job and has been drifting ever since.

LOUISE BRUMFIELD

She retired early from active business life, and lived contentedly in her villa on the Des Moines river.

HAZEL STRANDELL

Very quiet, but her reserve (it is whispered) will soon be broken down by a very estimable young man. (She thinks him a perfect dear.)

CLIFFORD TEW

He admired many of the fair sex, but was refused twice. He committed suicide by shooting himself in the foot.

WILMA THATCHER

Devoted to her work as a landscape gardener, she has beautified her city very much.

ANNIE HARVEY

One day while out walking, she became so interested in a blind alley, that she has devoted herself to the blind from that time on. She is now Head Matron at Vinton.

EDITH HEARSHMAN

She found that she was not able to enter the business world, so she married and lived ever after.

OSCAR KULLANDER

Every day you may see his sign, "Osc's Place, A Little of Everything."

FRANK KURTZWEIL

When he died, an epitaph was written, "He did his best." But some cruel person added "friends" to it.

DEANE MITCHELL

He paid a dear price for his popularity among the fair sex. He got married, or rather he was married.

UHL LEE

As a railroad brakeman, he is doing well.

ELNA OLSEN

She went from bad to worse and finally became a teacher.

JOHN PATTERSON

Climbed from the gridiron to the presidency of the United States.

LEON SMITH

The leader of the Boy Scouts is almost the best known man in the world.

ALICE WARNER

She lived and died the same "nebulous bit of protoplasm."

GEORGE WHITMER

He just had to be a coach. Appointed to Penn in '36.

DOROTHY WOODS

The long arm of the movies again. Her first appearance as Rosalind was epoch-making. She has reached the pinnacle of her art.

JOHN BURKE

He married the famous Vampire woman, successor to Theda Bara. He often plays her leads (in the movies).

MAUDE STRADLEY

Almost perfect. She is about to be happily married.

ERMA CORY

She enlisted as a hospital nurse during the Great War in '40, and was known as the Wild Rose.

VIRGIL STILL

His life wrecked by a woman's caprice, he buried his past and is atoning for his former misfortunes.

HELEN WINFREY

It's a sad tale, mates. She breathed out her last sigh for him and then settled down to a happy spinsterhood.

SHELDON WILLIAMS

During the year of '31 he was appointed head coach at Dartmouth. Of course, he turned out a winning nine.

RUSSELL STENSTROM

He succeeded in living on nothing for several years and wrote a book on his experiences.

WILLIAM WHINERY

As an authority on the Lima Bean, his reputation has become national. His book "The Lima Bean and Civilization" marks an important advance in world thought.

ANTOINETTE WHITNEY

As a clergyman and an evangelist she did much good work.

MAMIE DIGGS

She kept digging around for an occupation, but finally decided to enter the business world, so she took up her residence in Indianola.

NELLIE WESTON

Dethroning Mary Pickford as Queen of the Movies, her success seemed assured. Alas! she married one of the members of the National Board of Censorship.

AMY COVENTRY

Lived and died a happy spinster, author of several very interesting books, the most famous of which was, "Through Tears of Gold."

ELIZABETH KUCHARO

Married early and became the famous Countess Noble-Race.

PAUL VALENTINE

He married early and became the proprietor of a hand laundry.

GRACE PATRIE

She was editor of a sewing journal.

HARRY STIEGLITZ

He drew cartoons and wrote jokes for the Atlantic Monthly.

PRUDENCE PEIRCE

She became professor of Chinese Mythology and Persian Poetry in the high school at Polk City.

RUPERT CELANDER

As an art critic, he succeeded in stifling the little love of art the American people had had.

ISADOR CHAPMAN

Famous as the best-dressed man in the world. His occupation is that of an Irish comedian with the Passing Show, at the Winter Garden.

SARA CHAPMAN

Shared her brother's fame by aiding him in his long climb to the top. She selects his cravats.

CARL CHRISTOPHERSON

Life loved him to ennui.

WILLIAM GRUND

One of the few who did not achieve fame. He became a millionaire.

MYRTLE CHELGREN

She was always happy, which is, in itself, a virtue.

MARY SCOTT

She was shy as a water lily, but under propitious circumstances became quite bold.

JAMES GREEN

He had such strength of character that he became a piano mover. Can be seen any day with a piano under each arm, climbing to the ninth story of an apartment house.

MAUDE WELCH

She became interested in the abstract as opposed to the concrete and died a lonely wreck.

MILDRED FRANK

She also did her best friends.

CORA BLUMENSTEIN

As the wife of the president, she became the first lady of the land.

GERALD VAN HORN

His future as an orchestra leader was assured. However, during a six-day solo contest he blew out the breath of life.

LYDIA WEISSINGER

She took piano lessons in Paris for seven years and returned to win fame as the greatest living calliapist.

ROGER WEBLEY

He became the "after using" man for the Herpicide Chemical Co., with half interest in the firm, as long as he kept his hair.

CHARLES FRIEDE

His treatise on "Household Helps" has enjoyed a magnificent sale. His most interesting chapter is the one entitled "The disguising of the Common Prune."

MINNIE SILVERMAN, RUTH TAYLOR

They have toured the country as exponents of syncopation, causing the fame of the Castles to fall in ruins. The best critics say their art is wonderful.

WARD WILLIAMS

As a youth, he showed a decided inclination to become a confectioner, he was so sweet.

BESSIE WINFREY

Turned her genius toward the mystic art of palmistry, and wrote several entertaining books on the influence of the crystal.

LOUISE YARN

Married a well-known agriculturist (authority on the Lima Bean.)

WALTER BEMIS

Through his marriage with a famous suffragist, he became very popular and, to use a classical phrase, he put Bondurant on the map.

MARY WRIGHT

As a prima donna is known far and wide.

VIVIAN ARNEY

She rapidly outstripped her tutor, Madame Pavlowa, and became the leading interpreter of the dance.

FRANK VETTER

He died two years after graduating, murmuring "Cui bono."

HUME WRIGHT

In the year '50, a boy was discovered in a sitting position in the attitude of sleep (that is the mouth open) among the ruins of a once very beautiful building. It is thought that it was another case of Rip Van Winkle.

HENRY PERRY

His profession was chosen before he graduated; he continued to be a minister.

AUSTIN PETERSON

He toured the world as director of the Siwash Philharmonic Orchestra.

LILLIAN RASMUSSEN

She is proprietor of an exclusive dairy lunch.

MILDRED REDHEAD

She spent most of her life at home in the country.

GRETCHEN BIRD

She traveled in the Orient and wrote articles for a Travel Magazine.

GRETCHEN BECKMAN

Became an interior decorator in New York City.

IRENE BENSON

She turned out to be a lecturer on Prehistoric Geology.

FLETCHER BROWN

He studied forestry and received a government position on the Sahara desert.

RACHEL BUSH

She had charge of the Zoo at a large park in Chicago.

ESTHER DAVIDSON

She studied the piano in Germany. Returning, she got a position playing ragtime at a ten-cent store.

FORREST KERSLAW

Became a transcontinental brakeman on a Pullman flyer.

LAURA MOFFAT

She painted stage scenery for the Ben Greet players.

LILLIAN ROTHSCHILD

She illustrated stories for the Saturday Evening Post.

HAROLD WARNOCK

He became a farmer in South America.

CHARLES HOWARD

A scientific pomologist in Colorado.

GLADYCE HUDSON

Became a landscape gardener. Lived and worked in California.

TOM HUDSON

Traveled in the summer with a street carnival, for which he sold sideshow tickets. Very proficient.

BESSIE HURWITCH

Excelled as a Latin teacher. She never gave a test nor asked for constructions.

CLARENCE JOHNSON

Posed for a number of years as a mechanical doll in store windows.

REUBEN HUSSMAN

Invented an X-Ray which could be carried in a vest pocket. Authorities arrested him for doing this and put him in Sing Sing.

CARL JULINE

Raised poultry, guinea pigs and white mice for the royal family in South Africa.

EARLE HAMMOND

A brakeman on a fast freight running between Enterprise and Valley Junction.

BESSIE HARVEY

Became a noted hair dresser for the president's wife.

HULDA HASKAMP

An actress devoted to Ibsen.

MARGARET HAVER

A well-known writer of love letters for despondent lovers. Her subtle, breezy humor has caused many a suicide.

KENNETH HENKLE

Baseball reporter for the Ladies' Housekeeping Gazette.

THERESA HENLEY

Became a popular school teacher in an Indian reservation. She almost married an Indian brave.

RUTH HOLT

She retired from the stage to a country home, where in her rose garden, she dances every morning before sunrise.

RACHEL HOLT

She became a student of Psychology, being herself, a psychic wonder.

OLETA LOVE

She became a Red Cross nurse in the war between Iceland and Madagascar.

JUANITA MAITLAND

As a lion trainer for Sells' Floto Circus, she was a decided success.

MILDRED MUNDEN

She made mosaics for the royalty in Europe.

WILL MURPHY

Became a ventriloquist and traveled on the Orpheum Circuit with a mechanical doll.

DORA NEWCOMB

Spent many years as a teacher of remarkable ability in the South.

RUTH NIMS

She starred in the Passing Show of 1925.

JENNIE NORENBERSKY

She gained reputation as a reporter for the Marquisville Echo.

DWIGHT OSBORN

His struggle to graduate weakened his mind. He amuses himself playing with squirrels.

FRED LAMMEY

Camped in African jungles, wrote sonnets and composed ragtime.

DELLA LE PLANT

She was teacher of cookery in a Chicago high school; finally married the professor of marble shooting, who taught in the Kindergarten department.

EARLE LA SALLE

A distributor of Fords.

GERTRUDE LASII

Taught roller skating in Valley Junction.

CECELIA LAZARUS

Became famous as a model for James Montgomery Flagg.

FRED LINGENFELTER

Worked for the government in shuffling mail. He was discharged for insisting upon reading all the post cards.

DORIS LEIBSLE

Became librarian on a Pullman passenger train. A success.

MILDRED GRIFFEN

She found her calling in scientific research and finally discovered the why of the hole in the doughnut.

ALLAN GREASBY

He became such a good cartoonist that he went upon the stage where he could always draw a crowd.

EDNA CURTIS

As a missionary's wife, she is teaching the heathen Latin and English Literature.

EVELYN DAVIS

She married a wealthy New Yorker and now sets the styles in everything from hairpins to shoe buttons. Top to toe as it were.

FRANK DEAN

With his great wealth gained from his South American Trading Company, he bought a tract of swamp land in Florida for a wild fowl refuge.

ESTHER ALLEN

The great woman naturalist, known far and wide. Perhaps her most decisive success was the finding of a specimen of that rare specie, the docile husband.

EVA ALTMAN

Fair, fat and forty.

ORVILLE ELLIS

An expert on matters relating to the habits, instincts and environments of the tree toad.

LEONA ELLIS

Established a beauty parlor at Newport where she "did" all her rich patrons.

PEARL ELLISON

Domestic Science teacher at the metropolis of Clive.

FANNIE ELMAN

She wrote the book which is so eagerly read by young housewives, "Rushing the Bargain Counter, or, Giving Something for Nothing."

CECILIA ELMAN

She plays children's parts with the Princess Stock Co. Her admirers are many, but as yet she is living a happy life.

IDA ERVIN

She sang on the Chautauqua platform for a while, but it could not stand the strain, so the circuit was dissolved.

JACOB EVANSON

As confidential valet to I. Chapman, he leads a merry life.

TURIE ENGSTROM

His presentation of Macbeth caused Shakespearean plays to fall into disfavor for another hundred years.

RUTH COHEN

She entered vaudeville, doing imitations of famous actresses. Later, she wrote a book on "The Stage Kiss; Its Significance and Interpretation."

PEARL COTTRELL

She married a well-known storekeeper in Adelphi and at once became leader of the social set.

MAUDE CRAWFORD

Her "Ode to a Can of White Lead" ushered in the practical age of American Literature.

ONA BROCKETT

Her epitaph was inscribed "Ego vivi et amavi."

DWAYNE BROWN

He composed that famous ragtime success, "B-r-o-k-e Spells Broke."

CARL BORG

His high ideals were realized when he graduated with a first-class certificate from Professor Hackemup's Barber College.

MARJORIE BRUNER

Her highly romantic life was brought to a beautiful ending when she captured one with \$5,000,000.

HELEN GREEVER

Became an author. Wrote "The Why of Which," and "Cans't Thou Wert." Both novels had a very wide sale among the more serious-minded inmates of Clarinda.

ELORA EDMONDS

She lost in Cupid's merry little race, and now raises canary birds for solace.

CLARENCE FACKLER

Turned his training in salesmanship to good advantage and became an adept peanut vender.

IRENE FINN

Entered the Secret Service work. While surreptitiously obtaining some Japanese fortification plans, she was nearly caught; in fact, barely escaped with her life. This harrowing experience turned her auburn hair perfectly white.

LILLIAN FISHER

She has a thriving business, selling a new brush for polishing flag staffs.

LEROY GARWICK

The noted congressman, with the adorable Van Dyke beard. His hobby is collecting doorknobs and shoemakers' awls.

WARREN BASSETT

His energetic temperament just wouldn't let him remain idle, so he accepted a position as chief lineman for a wireless company.

MABEL ANDERSON

She earned a deserved success, and assisted many of her sex by means of her book, "A Man's Heart As Seen Through His Stomach."

OLIVE ARNEY

She achieved prominence by acting as amanuensis to her sister, the famous dancer.

MAC ARNOLD

His life ran the usual way, business; marriage; club; baldheaded row; finis.

ROY BANTA

Cast on a desert island, he devoted his spare time to training a troupe of gnats, and on returning to civilization, exhibited them on the stage.

HARRY BERLOVICH

His classy little haberdashery on Locust street, is known everywhere as "Fifteen-Dollar Berlovich."

MARVIN DAVIDSON

He became a great architect and drew the plans of a portable cover for onion sets.

EDWARD EARLY

Aspired to be a forester and now trims trees at Mingo, Iowa.

GRETCHEN KOENIGSBERGER

She accepted a position as international reporter for the Marshalltown Sun, and became a well-known globe trotter. Her pet hobby is polo.

MAX KAPLAN

Toiled for years in making violins and wren boxes.

NELLIE KENEVAL

Became a gardener in her private greenhouse.

HELEN KOCH

Became leading dressmaker at Newport. She originated a unique jacket for pet dogs.

GLADYS KUEFNER

Toured the country, giving illustrated lectures on Egyptian mummies and a peculiar kind of snails found along the Lost River in Brazil.

BRUCE GOULD

His well-known artistic temperament decided his life's vocation, a janitor in an aircastle.

LAWRENCE CARTER

Seeing great need for the alleviation of suffering in the world, he became an osteopath in the Standard Oil offices, where he soothes the broken backs of decrepit chairs.

LELA LINGENFELTER

Successor to Theda Bara. She was a firm success.

SYLVIA SAMMON

She lived and lived—in her rose garden by the sea.

DAVID SAUNDERS

Became novelty man at the Princess.

MARGARET SCHAFER

She became wardrobe mistress for a great circus. She was known as Madame Maxima.

LEON SHORT

Became a chemist and tested food for Nellie Melba.

HUBERT SHUFELT

An author of note. He wrote vaudeville sketches.

GLADYS SNOOK

Married a cowboy in Texas. She drives a Winton Six.

GLENN SNYDER

A U. S. game warden. Lost his job when he was caught killing field mice in South Park.

MAC BYERS

He became the head coach.

AMY CAMPBELL

She pondered long over a profession and finally adopted the occupation of fortune telling.

EMIL CARLSON

His intentions were excellent, but he finally ended as a professor of Semitic languages at Columbia.

LEILA CARLSON

Her beauty brought her a handsome offer from George Cohen, and she now plays "Little Eva" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

MARTIN CARLSON

Lucky boy! rescued an heiress from drowning and later married her. Some fellows are preposterously fortunate.

WILFRED CRESAP

He turned his talent toward inventing and made a fortune with a non-greasing lubricant.

CATHARINE CHRISTENSEN

Latin interested her so much that she became a banana merchant.



LITERARY



A Perfect Day

BRUCE GOULD

Hartman had arisen in the dark coolness of the morning and was briskly trotting Babe down the river road, for the sole purpose of trying to cheer himself up. The dusky fingers of the night wind wound themselves through his hair and touched his hot temples soothingly.

And it was good to be riding this morning, everything was so beautifully mysterious: all shadows and half-formed images dancing to the music of Babe's hoofs. Away off, an intangible distance, were the stars, dim now, having all but burned out during the night. The half moon was shedding its last bit of pure radiance on the earth, reluctant to bid it farewell, lingering like a fond lover. Miles and miles away, a cock (presumably performing his duty in the cosmic scheme) was doing his futile best to awaken the sleepy world. Little by little the birds began to sing and chirrup, but as yet it was too dark for them to be seen.

As Hartman neared the river, there rose before him a dark, silent mass of trees, which he knew were all giant oaks hiding a hundred lovely retreats, a thousand delightful corners and nooks. Even as he entered those sombre, secret isles, he felt immeasurably better as though, somehow, the great, dark blanket had closed protectingly about him, shutting out the sordid, ordinary cares of the world. But there was one thing that he did not care to forget, although he remembered it poignantly.

Riding along, half dreamily thinking of her, he finally reined up sharply, dismounted, leisurely tickled old Babe on the nose, walked slowly to the high bank of the river, and flung himself full length upon the grass. As he lay there, the only sound heard was occasioned by the river as it angrily disputed with the reeds and bushes along the bank, and further down, where it ran rippling noisily over a small rapid. He lay very still, watching the eastern sky as the sun came unheralded.

Slowly the night shades were scattered and the gloomy shadows in the east gradually softened into a deep purple, again to a wine-color, scarlet, then suddenly the sun burst above the trees in all its splendid glory. Happy as the advent of the sun-god usually is, it brought scant happiness to Hartman.

What had he to do with happiness when she was going to be married tonight? He supposed to that Macray person whom he had seen making himself pleasant to her in his thoroughly obnoxious manner. Whatever she could find in that—but evidently she did see something in him, he reflected gloomily enough. She had told him that she was going to marry someone by tonight, offering no explanation nor any hint as to whom she would be married; only she had smiled so winningly at him that he perforce had to turn his eyes, lest he catch her up into his arms in his mad longing for her. She had whispered this to him just after their last dance, when he had felt that at last he was in a fair way to becoming really happy, and had been feeling much more than elated. Also he had thought that perhaps her eyes were shining much brighter than merely the exhilaration of the dance might warrant.

It had come so like a thunderbolt, that, as he drove home with her, he indeed made such a poor conversationalist that she noted it and smiled at him a little wistfully, perhaps. But he was not looking at her at the time, a most unusual thing, in fact, had he, undoubtedly this would have been the end of the story. He had bidden her good-night at the gate, declining to come in, wondering a little at her gaiety. Perceiving his mood, as he was turning away, she had called him back and whispered softly, "But I am not married—yet," and skipped lightly up the walk, disappearing into the recesses of the large veranda. For a moment a very much amazed and delighted young man stood stupidly at the gate, then turning slowly, he climbed into his car and drove home in a dream in which a certain very fair young lady figured rather prominently.

But on arising early the next morning, doubts assailed him and succeeded in driving him to his old haunt by the river, where he generally managed to find comfort, and that is why he was lying rather moodily on the river bank, reflecting upon the strange ways of women in general, and one in particular.

And he had had the remarkable gumption to think that she had taken him seriously, he thought sadly. He tried to laugh at the monstrous joke, but it seemed so horrible to him that he only succeeded in choking. But she had appeared so happy and contented while in his—that is while with him, he argued fiercely with himself. However, it was no use trying to dodge the fact—she was lost to him forever. After making this decision, he settled his jaw firmly, threw a stone at the river to show his disrespect for it, and looked about him at the familiar surroundings.

At his back and to the right of him, were high hills thickly dotted with oaks, on the left was the river, and over past the green fields, barely perceptible in the distance, were the rifle ranges, while in front was a grassy glade banked with trees, a perfect dryad's haunt. The sun had been creeping higher and higher, gradually changing the river into a golden flood, and had even succeeded somewhat in heating the cool shadows of the forest. He lay, lazily sprawled upon the bank, listening to the songs of the birds, the quick splash of leaping fish, the murmur of the river, the moving branches, and all the various notes of happy nature, and thinking of a thousand different things, if different things can all pertain to the same lovely, little personage. But he half wished that he could be contented with just the Book of Verses, the Loaf of Bread and the Jug of Wine, without her singing beside him in the wilderness. He knew that he lied when he thought he half wished it, and he knew that he couldn't be contented, nor did he want to, without her. Sighing for no special reason, he drank in the clean, sweet odor of the morning and the fresh scent of the flowers and the woods. Until at last, it became rather warm and he rather drowsy and somewhat contented with the world, so that after sundry groanings over the exertion, he succeeded in taking off his coat, pulling off his riding boots, and composing himself for a quiet siesta. Almost the last thing that he was aware of, before dropping off into a doze, was, that his great toe, in its desire for freedom, had burst its scanty bonds and was now openly flaunting itself in the sunlight. But he was very sleepy and didn't care a great deal anyway.

As he lay there, he was good to look upon—made a very handsome picture. He was quite tall and well built, with a certain careless air of manliness and inbred courage that was very pleasing. So, at least, thought Earle, as she gazed at him comfortably sleeping on the green. Her attention, at last became so fixed upon the unconventional member so lately described, that perhaps from telepathy, he awoke, startled, and saw her looking intently at him. Following her gaze, he reddened a bit, recovered and, looking blandly at her, seemed to inquire why she was laughing, the while carelessly drawing on his boots. By this time, the hole seemed so large that he thought his boot might fall into it, instead of covering it. She watched him silently, all the time noting his apparent sang froid, and laughing covertly.

She was a dainty creature, with adorable gray-green eyes, a rich, red, up-curving mouth, which was generally alive with good humor, and a certain air of freshness and summer impossible to describe. But perhaps her most likeable characteristics were her sympathy and common sense. In fact, he remembered that he had first become interested in her on the occasion of her confessing to a liking for weinies, which amounted to an almost overpowering passion, after which he had confessed to having as his middle name that of Clavering, a secret which he had until that time kept firmly locked within his breast, all of which shows that they were happily, intensely in love.

Having succeeded in getting both of his boots on, and slipping on his coat, he jumped briskly to his feet, smoothing his rumpled hair with long, firm fingers, and scarcely knowing what to say, he asked her how she had come there.

She replied that there was something wrong with her car; that it refused to budge, even when she argued with it, and that besides, one of the tires was punctured, and would he please be delighted to come and fix it? He assured her that he would, that, in fact, he had been thinking of doing it even before she had asked him, which last was wrong; but, since he was at the time, looking directly into her eyes and wondering how they could possibly be at once both so inviting and repelling, he might well be pardoned the slight error.

"I don't know whether the hole in the sock—I mean the tire—means a ruined tire or just a puncture," she volunteered with such a purposely bewitching smile that he was totally lost.

"Well, perhaps we had better go and see whether we can repair the unsightly place in the—er—tire," he remarked cheerfully, and catching each other's hands, they raced for the road and arrived panting before the car, which was now looking very lonely and dejected. The front tire had an exceedingly limp and shame-faced manner, so that he set about repairing it immediately. Now there is nothing which is quite so discouraging as mending a tire beneath a beating sun, but when one is doing it for a very lovely person, with gray-green eyes, it becomes as romantic as jousting for the fair lady of your heart; at least that is what Hartman thought as he knelt in the dust of the road, looking up into Earle's smiling eyes, and when she barely eluded him with dancing eyes and an inviting laugh as he bent over her, with the ostensible purpose of obtaining a wrench, he felt that it was good to live in this jolly, old world. The tire was soon repaired and a bit of defective wiring replaced.

She had intended, so she said, to go alone out to her aunt's for dinner, but she was not inclined to quibble if he insisted on driving, all this with such a peculiar quirk to her mouth as to set the blood rushing to his head and almost to cause him—but she seemed so unaffected that he decided to behave, as he gloomily thought he must, and she privately thought that, perhaps it were better so, although it *was* a trifle disappointing. After turning Babe towards home, they glided away, now down a long lane of cool, shaggy evergreens, up hill and down, in and out following the beautiful river road. It was a trifle hard for him to drive, as he found that he could only spare a half of one eye, and that grudgingly, for the road. She sat very demure for the most part, occasionally glancing up at him when he was forced to watch the road, and now and then speaking in her rich, low voice. In a short space, they drew up at their destination, a lovely old farmhouse. Somewhat back from the road it stood, very quaint, very fresh, very dignified, but also very inviting in a shy sort of way. They were welcomed by her aunt, a prim, lovable, old maid, who had early taken a great liking to Hartman, and who had helped him in more ways than one, he thought.

They went in laughing joyfully over not much of anything until they entered the old-fashioned dining room where luncheon was waiting for them. The luncheon was perfect, all the dishes having a delicate flavor, altogether unlike your spicy, modern concoctions, and Galt pleasantly reflected that Earle also, was skilled in this art.

After luncheon they chatted for a space and lazily walked about in the shade, picking cherries and devouring them hastily, only emitting the seeds when the mouth refused to hold more, which is the only profitable and enjoyable manner of eating them. But when Galt attempted to taste the ripest of them all, he was gently, but firmly repulsed; this act caused him to say that he was going out in the garden to eat worms, and then she would be sorry when he came back dead. At this she laughed so joyously and heartily that he recovered his good spirits at once, all of which the aunt saw, and seeing, smiled happily. But all things must end, as did this and so they finally bade auntie good bye, and drove swiftly back.

But as he skilfully guided the car, he must needs think of what she had said of getting married, and his heart sank, so much so that he was forced to look at her long and intently (to her somewhat crimson embarrassment) to get back his courage, and she, curious, asked him of what he was thinking.

"Of what you said last night," he replied bluntly, but not altogether steadily.

She marked the sorrow in his voice, saw the slight droop of his shoulders, and her eyes filled with a great longing to tell him, since he seemed not to be able to understand for himself. She said, "What I said last night, I meant, but I am afraid I'll be refused," and looked at him bravely through tear-suffused eyes.

She never did know what really happened, except that the car stopped suddenly, his arms were close about her, and for once her bright, rich mouth was completely hidden. For a long time he held her fiercely tender, looking deep within her eyes and reading there what he had scarcely dared hope for. At last, with a sigh he relinquished her slightly and spoke, "Suppose that you do marry someone tonight," looking the while at her tenderly, and somewhat shakily holding her hand.

For a long time she said nothing, but clung closer to him, feeling a lovely sense of security in his arms. "I said I was going to last night," was her amazing reply.

This Day in June

RUTH MIDDLEAUGH

The sun beats down on the winding road,
And the bee hums by, with his weary load:
The Misses Wheat, in the fields near by,
Toss up their heads and look at the sky.
They wonder whether 'twill rain or not,
But they guess it won't; it's 'way too hot,
This day in June.

The one little bluebell that grows by the brook,
Declares she is tired of that cool, shady nook.
The wild rose, too, desires a change,
From her home on the hill to another range
Nearer her friend, Miss Marigold;—
(They are terrible gossips, so I was told,)
This day in June.

That dandelion that grows in the lane,
Says she honestly wishes that it would rain.
And so, while the hours of the morning creep by,
Dreary, gray clouds are cov'ring the sky.
Happy is the dandelion that grows in the lane,
For it really and truly is going to rain!
This day in June.

Nature's Electrosopes

LAWRENCE CARTER

What sympathetic little electrosopes the leaves of the cottonwoods are! How they flutter and shimmer when a breeze, laden with a charge of ever changing polarity comes near them! The least bit of electricity in the air rushes through the magic conducting stems, and, perhaps giving the leaves a shock, for all we know—sets them into violent confusion. They twist, glisten, tumble all about and quiver in restless ecstasy.

Of all the things attracted by the induced magnetism, the little bloat-eyed shade flies seem the most curious. They love the shadow of a cottonwood, where, to their heart's content, they can float around in the magnetic field, free from the force of gravity. For hours and hours they can be seen dodging here and there among the topmost branches, now remaining almost motionless in space, and now staggering sideways as if overcome by their half successful attempts to defy gravitation. How content these indolent rowdies must be, all the time listening to the murmuring electrosopes and sniffing the pungent ozone.

What unmannerly creatures these shade flies are! If you climb up a tree where they happen to be, they stare at you unmercifully with their bulging eyes. They twist and flutter nervously, as if annoyed by your presence; they bob around like buoys on a restless sea. Yet you can learn to like them and they can learn to like you. I used to love to read in an old cottonwood. More than once did they glare from behind my shoulders at the grimy, ragged-edged pages of *Arabian Nights*; more than once did they flutter impatiently when I closed my book and whispered over and over again, "Sesame, open Sesame."

We love to linger under a cottonwood tree and listen to the mysterious murmur of the melodious leaves. The rustle is now so calm, so gentle, so soft and so smooth; then all of a sudden so passionate, restless, furious and uncontrollable. Yes, we long to linger and muse, for, in their rustle we hear the drowsy hum of honey-thighed bees, the snore of tropical breezes, the impetuous hiss of fast approaching storms, and the gentle whisper of dimpled, twisting brooks that lean from side to side as they wander through green meadows—all in the music of the fluttering electrosopes of the cottonwoods.

A Tragedy

WILLIAM KELSO

What strange and interesting experiences one has in life! What a relic I've grown to be after undergoing these many years of toil and rough usage. I have been looked into by many beautiful faces, but at times some impudent boy has jerked me from my shelf and rudely fumbled through my pages, then slammed me shut with the force of a tornado, and thrown me back upon my shelf, saying, "There's nothing in that."

This, with all my other happenings, eventually marred my countenance, and I was put away on a high shelf with but infrequent notice. Recently I came in contact with something rather astonishing to me. One evening, while on my shelf half dreaming of my past and thinking how I could better myself in the future, I saw not many feet away a flame of golden-red flash through the floor of the school building in which I was housed.

This flame ascended the wall, and with it came a mighty stream of liquid, which diminished the flame by degrees. I saw nothing more of this beautiful

blaze for some time, but at length, I heard a rumbling and a crash which aroused my curiosity to a great degree. But as I could not leave my shelf, I was forced to stay and let my mind wander into all sorts of complicated dreams. Then presently I heard a rumbling much like the previous one, and before me was a mass of red coals and flame that seemed unimaginably hot. I fought to free myself from this torturing place, but it was impossible, so I settled down and began to think that I had not been of much good in the latter part of my life, since I was worn, my pages torn, and the material I contained too old-fashioned for the people of this time. I decided that I might just as well be out of existence as to be in the way. By this time the flame had surrounded me, I was scorched, my cover ruffled up, and I knew no more.

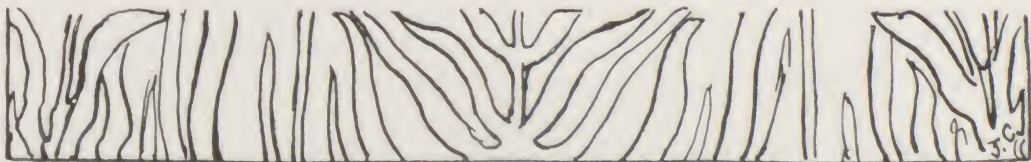


Flower Romance

ESTHER TROWBRIDGE

"Sweet William" "Rose" in the "Morning('s) Glory," donned his "Dutchman's Breeches" and rushed to meet his "Black-Eyed Susan" and her "Poppy." They went to the church and as "Johnny Jump Up" tolled "The Blue Bell" at "Four O'Clock," "Jack in The Pulpit" made their two hearts beat as one.

They sat in the rose garden nibbling "Marguerites" and sipping "Catnip" tea with their "Tulips." With "Bleeding Hearts" they saw a "Dandelion" drop a "Butter Cup" and make a "Cow Slip" on the hill.



Out in the Country

JUANITA MAITLAND

The dingy, close, short-line interurban bumped and thumped and bounced its way over the rails from Moran to Woodward, and came at last to a jerky stop before the wooden station whose bold sign announced to all concerned that this was the terminal of the line, that is, Woodward, Dallas County, Iowa, twenty-seven and seven-tenths miles from the metropolis, Des Moines.

The six or seven passengers, emerging presently, grips in hand, departed in various directions. One only, among them paused, in doubt. A girl, perhaps eighteen, in an encompassing black cloak and a pert little turban with a single red quill at a smart angle, hesitated a moment, then advanced, smiling, to the only vehicle in sight. A white horse, age doubtful, and a top-buggy with two occupants, seemed the object of her attention.

"If you please," she asked smiling, "is this Mrs. Mabel Luther?"

"Indeed it is," came the immediate response, "and this is Gertrude Belver?"

"Oh, yes," cried Gertrude, "and I'm so glad to be here, it is so different from Des Moines, and it looks gloriously interesting."

"I know this is little Miss Abigail," she next announced, as she laughingly settled the roly-poly nine-year-old on her lap.

The farm was just two and one-half miles from the depot, along Main Street, its entire length, and two miles out on the country road. The drive was not rapid, due partly to Prince's dignified age, but more to his extreme distaste for anything like speed. If not rapid, it was at least interesting: Main Street furnished the Farmers' Bank, Postoffice, City Hall and Fire Station, Telephone Exchange, Hotel, Grocery, Bakery, Drug Store and Livery Barn. Main Street was also supplied with residences, for of course, Woodward boasted its full quota of prominent and influential citizens. Not least among them were: Dr. Smith's home and office, the minister's, the mayor's home, Dr. Wellwright's, the old Liester mansion and "mother's" house.

A turn in the road at the two-mile post, and Prince's sudden burst of speed quite clearly indicated that corn, the barn and home were not far distant. And sure enough, for they were all in sight now, a jolly, comfy-looking, little yellow farm house, wide and low, sheltered by huge cottonwoods. A windmill turned briskly, pumping for the tank, which furnished the farm water supply. Below and beyond were the cow sheds, silo, horse barns, corn crib, machine sheds, sheep lot, and poultry houses, while out in the hazy, fast thickening twilight, lay eighty acres of rich Iowa soil.

It was indeed interesting, different and securely tranquil. Gertrude sighed contentedly and breathed the sweet fragrance of the country air. A dainty little supper—for supper is still an accredited custom on the farm—was finished and a very sleepy Abigail and Gertrude climbed into the soft, luxurious feather bed and almost immediately began exploring the "Land of Nod."

Gertrude rose early each morning, so as to get as much into each day as possible. On Wednesday afternoon, a letter to her mother gave an accurate account of her adventures:

On the Farm,
Wednesday P. M.

Dearest Mother and Kiddies:

Oh! Mother, I am simply intemperate in the joys of this week. The ride on the "Uncle Ruben" (that is a distinct outrage against the Interurban), was a trifle monotonous, but I enjoyed it anyway, because of the cozy-looking farm houses.

Kiddies, you should have seen the little burg called "Yank-town." That is where the "Yankee Robinson Show" winters, but just now, it is simply ablaze with the most gorgeous of red, green, blue and yellow paints. Horses, dappled gray,

brown, black and white, and ponies are quite in evidence and everything is ready to begin the trip.

Just think, Mrs. Luther has five incubators set, and about a thousand eggs, to hatch at different times. Two of the "wooden hens" came off this morning and oh! it was wonderful to watch the baby chicks. I helped pack a crate of the fuzzy things, to go clear to Nebraska. I have learned where to find two hundred eggs in one evening and almost everything about poultry raising.

I can harness and drive old Prince, and have climbed into the silo and the big haymow, and to the top of the windmill. Oh, yes, and did you ever hear of milking with a gasoline engine? That is just what they do here, and it is so much nicer than the old method. Everything is as handy, sanitary and convenient as possible and that makes the farm rather unique.

My conceit suffered a terrible blow yesterday. Two calves tried to eat me, I was so green and fresh looking. Who ever would have imagined it?

Although I never went to Ames, I am almost a professional farmer. Mr. Luther says so, and he would surely know.

Oh, mother! I am having the time of my life and have fallen completely in love with everything (including the baby chicks, little red pigs, woolly lambs, baby calves and colts), and everybody, even the hired man, on this farm. It is glorious to have *real* milk, *real* eggs and *real* butter; not *tin-can* milk and *doubtful* eggs and *city* butter.

I must close for now, as I want to help Abigail gather eggs before supper. Will write more later, however.

Lovingly, your daughter,
Gertrude B.

The days sped on swiftly, full of new joys, interesting things and contentment. On Friday, another "newspaper" went to mother and the younger children back in Des Moines:

Friday, A. M.
Up in the loft.

Dear Mamsie and the Kiddies:

I made a discovery this morning; Mr. Luther went to our own Highland Park and four years to Ames and played football and baseball. These two facts completely confirmed my convictions that this was no ordinary farm, and Mr. Luther, by no means an ordinary farmer. He likes East High better than West, and, of course, that would help.

Mrs. Luther and I went to "town" Wednesday. We had transactions with almost every firm in town, except the livery and the blacksmith. I can shop now on Main Street with the airs of an old citizen. Why actually, you couldn't get lost in this town, there isn't enough room, because as soon as you turned around you would find yourself again. I am completely informed on the *Commercial Activities* and *Business Life* of Woodward, and this is my first investigation.

Today has seen a bumper crop of orders. There were two for a hundred baby chicks, one for two hundred hatching eggs, and a big one for two crates of fresh eggs. The most interesting order was that of the Agriculture teacher from the high school here. She wanted eggs in the various stages between good, bad, and hatching or little chick stage.

Mrs. Luther says that I can have a dozen baby chicks to bring home with me and I am going to raise them. I know I can easily.

I must come back to Des Moines in time to have my graduation pictures taken, and so I will come in on the two-thirty car. I hate the very thoughts of leaving this dear farm and getting back to the sombre routine of school work, but it must be, until June. Then I am coming back here and have a good rest before I enter upon my career.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther and Abigail are all going to come to Des Moines the

eighth of June for graduation and will be my guests for an all day at East High. I am sure they will enjoy it.

Abigail is wild to go in swimming with me and she made her father promise that I could teach her in the big water tank, that supplies the water for the different stock watering tanks. It will be just lots of fun.

We have so many things planned for the rest of my stay, that I cannot possibly write again. Just think, there is to be a church social, and an old-fashioned country party, and besides that, Mary Elizabeth Higgins and Mr. John Rawley, of Perry, are to be married here on Wednesday at high noon. According to all reports, it is to be a great success, a triumph so to speak.

I really must close for now and get ready for the "social," which is to begin this afternoon and close this evening.

As ever your loving daughter and sister,

Gertrude Belver.

The days sped on and the two weeks had come to a close. The bumpy, jerky interurban brought a happier, rosier and more smiling Gertrude back to Des Moines, to find it just a little bigger, noisier and dirtier than before by comparison with the retiring and rustic Woodward.

Youth's Dreams

AMY COVENTRY

The future, that most wondrous land of lands
What joys, what hopes to youth it brings;
What lofty aspirations to fulfill,
What eager hearts to taste the homied springs.

Then winged Fancy comes before us all
And paints a picture wondrous fair;
Of birds and flowers, rippling waterfalls,
Just one Elysian land; no care.

Such bliss divine forevermore shall be
In this glad land so free from woe,
Where success is all a path of roses sweet,
Where cruel pain we ne'er shall know.

Perchance 'tis but a passing fancy gay
Which into darkness fades away;
But why should fear despoil this happy dream,
Since hope it brings to youth each day.

APPRECIATION



An Appreciation of East High

I have long wished to write an appreciation of East High, but, fortunately, heretofore, I have been restrained by the fact that I feared it would sound pedantic. But of what good is it to be a senior if one cannot moralize once in a while?

A senior doubtless has a clearer idea than a freshman of just what it means to be a student in East High. He realizes what a preposterous chump he was when he was a freshman to the extent of being unable to look his freshman teachers in the eye. He realizes that he should be extremely grateful for the opportunity of attending such a school as we have here; that he is here to educate himself by embracing every chance offered rather than to be educated by a diligent corps of teachers. He realizes, strange as it may seem to a freshman, that the chance to return in the afternoon for help is a privilege and he is even surprised that a busy teacher will give him the time.

But seniors should not have a monopoly on realizations. The sooner all students have the above attitude the more they will get out of high school. Probably the greatest aid to that realization is a full appreciation of our building and its equipment. Visitors invariably exclaim, "What a magnificent building you have and what a privilege it is to be a student here!" All agree that the building itself should have a great influence upon the standard of scholarship. Therefore let us cultivate a greater appreciation of our building and a few more realizations, so that East High, **our** school, will always rank with the best.

Warren Bassett

Keats

On first reading the "Ode to a Nightingale," one feels that Keat's soul is throbbing with the melodious beauty of the song, while every fibre of his being is lacerated and in pain. But he throws off his physical cares as he is thinking:

"O, for a draught of vintage! * * *

Tasting of Flora and the country green;

Dance and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!

* * * With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,

And purple-stained mouth;"

To hear the music of his poetry as it pours out with as much "full-throated ease" as the nightingale's song; to catch the revealed beauty of the world to our starved breasts; to realize the mastery of expression which embodies the poem; to do this is to live, if only for a moment. He might well have said of his own poetry:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;

Its loveliness increases; it will never

Pass into nothingness."

He seems to have described his life in a sonnet written on the page opposite Shakespeare's sonnet, "The Lover's Complaint," which had inspired him. In its fourteen lines there is such an abundance of thought, of music, and of beauty as to leave one almost bewildered at the end. The last three lines catch his life's history very truly:

"Awake forever in a sweet unrest;

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,

And so live ever—or else swoon to death."

There is so much cool, refreshing beauty in Keat's works, so much lasting pleasure waiting for one that it would almost be sacrilege to pass it by.

Bruce Gould

Burns

O, my love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June,
O, my love is like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

Truly an immortal song of an immortal bard! Burns seems to have poured forth his whole soul into the rhythm and melody of this wonderful fragment of verse. He has not filled the poem with deep thought, but he has given it something infinitely more valuable—beauty. When he compares his love to a red, red rose and a sweetly played melody, we feel that his sweetheart must truly have been a wonderful girl. But with all her beauty and winsomeness, she could not possibly have been more like a melody than is Burns' own poem. It fairly sings itself. We find our hearts overflowing with its richness and our lips must involuntarily follow their example.

And it is not the rhythm alone that makes the poem so beautiful. When we read of a "red, red rose that's newly sprung in June," we almost catch the fragrance of the flower and see its dewy petals. The "melodie" too, creeps into our hearing, soft and sweet and low, full of the very essence of love.

Then there is the constancy expressed so often in the musical lines. We feel that one who can say,

"Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun!"

is truly in love. Every line tells of love and constancy, and still the thought comes to us that Burns might go on forever, writing lines like these; that this is only the beginning, not the end. The parting of such true lovers pains us, but it is only a transitory gleam, for are we not assured that

"And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile"?

The thought can be no more welcome to her than it is to us, for we feel that one who can praise his "lass" in such a song as this, deserves to have her companionship forever. That is the least he has earned.

Prudence Pelree

I was sitting by the window studying, after returning from school, when I heard the strains of Annie Laurie outside. Someone was whistling it. I put my book down and rushed to the door to see who the whistler might be. It seemed singular to me to hear that strain now. Why wasn't it some popular air? But my purpose was defeated—the whistler had disappeared before I saw who he was.

I returned to the house, but did not take up my book. I was thinking of the song, and from it my mind went on to other Scotch songs, especially those of Robert Burns; and my favorite among them, "John Anderson, My Jo." I saw vividly before me the picture of the two companions journeying through life together. In youth they are climbing the hill, "his locks were like the raven." As the years advance they reach the top of the hill and are descending on the other side. His locks now "are like the snow."

"But hand in hand they go,
And sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

It is a simple picture, yet how beautiful. Robert Burns has, through the medium of his poems, caused me to look on all mankind more kindly.

If you have never read this poem, read it.

Nellie Keneval

Until reading the poems of Robert Burns, poetry always was a sort of a horror to me. It seemed as tho' it was something thrust upon me, and I read as a child, compelled to do something which I disliked very much to do, and did it merely because I had to.

"The Cotter's Saturday Night" was the first of his poems I read, and from the very beginning it appealed to my innermost feelings. It is so true to life that one cannot read it without calling to mind instances in his own life or the lives of those around him, that are in some way just like the poem.

After reading the first poem, I was desirous of reading more. The nature lyrics and love lyrics are all so true to life they cannot help but hold one's interest from beginning to end. The love songs are all straight from his heart as we know from the study of life.

Perhaps it is his style that appeals to me above all else. The simple Scottish dialect is so pure and refreshing, a characteristic not given to all poetry. The dialect renders it easy to get into the mood or spirit of his poems, and once one is in the spirit of a piece of literature, it is easy to read and enjoy.

Eva Altman

Yes, of course, you have all heard of Bobby Burns, but do you really know him, do you know his works and do you really and truly appreciate him?

Perhaps you will say "Oh, yes, he wrote such and such a poem. I read it and thought it was good," but do you know what prompted him to write it, or what the real feeling behind that motive was?

Have you ever read "To a Mouse," or "To a Daisy," or any of his poems concerning nature? If not, do so, for in these poems you will learn, if you do not already know, what real democracy is. What seems too absurd or too common to write about, Burns puts his whole soul into them, and makes us feel the greatness and beauty of even the smallest thing nature has created.

It is this wonderful democratic spirit, his love of nature and his whole-heartedness that makes us want to read and understand fully Burns as a man and as a poet.

Lela Lingenfelter

Burns loved nature to the utmost, even to the extent of seeing beauty in what most of us considered a prosaic little thing, the daisy. But with all, he considered that nature should be but the background for the emotion of man. Burns was the type of man who would have been supremely happy with the companionship of mankind; but this being denied him, he looked to nature for the sympathy and love that he had lost; and when nature's actions did not coincide with his emotions, he was deeply hurt. It jarred his sensitive nature to have it fog and darkness when he was calm and happy, or to have the birds singing and the world apparently happy when he was sad. He brings this out in his "Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon:"

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!"

Gretchen Koenigsberger



Appreciation of the Singer Art Exhibit

Written by Seniors in Fifteen Minutes Without Corrections.

I had grown tired of the tedious indoor life and wished to get out into the beautiful open. The first thing that caught my sight as I gazed towards the mountain was the melting snow. The sun, which was shining in an almost spotless sky, made a beautiful picture as it shone upon the mountain side. The mountains were of a purple hue, softened here and there by the melting snow. Two large evergreen trees loomed up in the foreground, and with their green leaves formed a good contrast to winter. Houses and huts could be seen here and there, looking as if no human being had ever lived within them, and yet they had a solitary air of contentment. The most beautiful picture of all was the unevenly melting snow in the foreground, which almost made me sing as I fixed my eyes upon the scene.

Thurle Engstrom

The title, "The Salmon River," means nothing to me, as I have never been in Norway to view it, but never-the-less the picture is one of rarest beauty.

The background is a mixture of soft colors, such as pale purple, blue and cream. The sky is a wonderful blue, dappled with fleecy white clouds. The foliage is all in soft green colors, growing more daring as it approaches the front. Here the river is prominent; it is painted in gaudy colors, and represents the water racing madly over the rocks.

The picture is very restful to the eyes and one could find peace for hours by gazing at it.

Rupert Celander

This picture has appealed to me more than any of the others, chiefly on account of the beautiful colors; the pale, peaceful blue of the sky, the deep purple of the mountains in the background, the different shades of green in the foliage of the trees, and most beautiful of all, the rainbow-hued tints of the water. This picture makes the blood tingle and one can imagine what adventures might happen in these mountains. It would be wonderful to be alive in such a place as this. The mountains with their lofty snow-crowned peaks seem to stand as giant pillars to uphold the sky. The few fleecy clouds, in the distance, rest leisurely on the mountain tops. The trees with their tall, straight trunks, and their luxuriant foliage, stand like sentinels on the landscape. The water as it tumbles over the rocks seems to me to roar joyously.

Jennie Norenbersky

Of all the pictures in the art exhibit, "In Springtime" appeals to me as the best work of art. It seems to express the mood of the artist and to have the most influence upon the onlooker. Drowsiness of the late spring afternoon is the whole mood expressed. The distance and coloring of the mountains, which form the background with their snow caps, make one feel the cold chill that is liable to creep in between the beautiful, lazy spring-fevery days of early spring.

The dainty, delicate coloring of the trees, the little shallow creek, that is not yet swollen into torrents by the spring thaws, the purple mountains in the distance, the shadows, and even the rocks in the foreground betray the excellent beauties of the early spring.

The flocks of fleecy clouds in the daintily tinted blue sky are full of that sleepy, floating sensation which comes to us along with the spring fever. The whole scene gives us the peace and thought of the early bursting forth of the green things. The only thing lacking is a bird.

Esther Allen

This picture pleases me most of all because it seems to me the most true to nature and most realistic of the pictures presented. I can all but hear the roar of the water as it comes rushing madly down the purple mountain side, past the craggy rocks, on its way to the sea. Plant life is the only form of life in the scene and wild nature is shown at her best, trying one force against another. The tall and stately trees seem to group together and give their sanction to the play of the waters below. A sharp but pleasing outline marks the mountain's extremities as it is placed in vivid contrast to the deep blue sky in the distance.

Earl La Salle

Carlyle on Burns

No matter whither we may go, no matter to what profession we are called, Society stands at the exit door of Education to bid us walk the rest of life with him. He has many manners and characteristics. He is shunned by some. He is liked and enjoyed by others. Wherever we go we must meet him. If he recognizes us at once, cheerfully and gladly, we *may* be known; if he does not, we may never be.

Thus it is that Carlyle says with reference to Robert Burns, that the World could have created a greater character in Burns, and made a greater writer of him, if it had but shown him the fruits of his season. But Society did not. It dragged the poet luringly on, into clubs, into banquets where he drank heavily, until he quickly found his way to scenes of "riot and roaring dissipation." Society "played horse" with him, as we say today; double-crossing him over and over again; at one time showing him the splendor of the best of Scottish life at Edinburgh, and again throwing over it a heavy curtain and leaving him in anger and disappointment. Surely the young person now entering later life, should read Carlyle's sound and sensible "Essay on Burns," and take heed that the lesson of the individualism sinks home.

Clarence Fackler

What is the most important asset for success in business; or, for that matter, success in anything? Perhaps you would say a thorough knowledge of the business you expect to take up; or, perhaps, good common sense and judgment. You would probably get along fairly well with such ideas before you, but would your business be a real success? Would you be getting out of it all that you should? I think we may well rely on Thomas Carlyle to answer this question for us.

What was the cause of Robert Burns' failure in a financial way? Didn't he have the average amount of common sense, and knowledge enough to make his way in the world? Why was life a constant disappointment to Lord Byron until the last year of his life? The same reason answers them all, and that reason is "*the lack of a single purpose in life, and the will power to carry out that purpose.*"

We all love the beautiful poetry of Robert Burns as it is; but what might it not have been if he had devoted his whole energy to the writing of poetry? His time was divided between what his soul craved, and what his body craved. What is the result? Incomplete poetry, and total failure in business.

Byron's whole life was filled with cross purposes until the very last, when he concentrated his efforts on a single purpose, and, as a result, he accomplished more in one year than he had in all his life.

We are all here for a purpose, and very soon we must find out that purpose to fulfill our place in life; but, no matter what we do, let us be sure to take Carlyle's advice and have a *single purpose*.

Gertrude Lash

Thomas Carlyle in his essay on Burns teaches several lessons, probably the best of these is concerning business efficiency.

What are you going to do when you are out of school? Are you going to attempt to make a success of one special line of work or business, or are you going to be a jack of all trades and master of none of them? The latter appears to be the aim of a great many young men and women, but rarely do you hear of a jack of all trades attaining great success and prominence in the world of today. Men and women who have one object in view, have more time to develop along that line than those with several objective points, and are, therefore, better polished and more qualified to do what is required of them. If you choose to develop along just one line, you should become efficient enough to do what you are told to do, when you are told to do it.

How did Thomas A. Edison become so great and efficient? By spending his time foolishly; by entering into the spirit of his work half-heartedly, or by leaving a hard task undone to do an easier one? No! But by taking advantage of every spare moment to improve his knowledge and ability; by throwing his whole self into his work, and by trying and experimenting until he had conquered that hard obstacle; therein lies his success.

Carlyle says that a two-edged wedge is useless. By this, he means that a man with two goals in view cannot hope to obtain such success as a man with one object in view.

Are going to be an Edison or a jack of all trades?

Clifford Tew

One of the best and most expressive truths I have ever heard is, as Carlyle expresses it in his "Essay on Burns," "A two-edged wedge is not as efficient as one well sharpened one." In this practical age of ours, when all efforts are made by both young and old toward efficiency in all lines of work, we cannot afford to overlook or underestimate this philosophy.

It takes no bright mind to understand and acknowledge the truth of the concrete statement. Anyone knows that if all time be spent upon one blade, that that blade will naturally be sharper than if the time were divided between two. Then, cannot that concrete be made abstract? To be personal, am I a two-edged wedge, am I divided between two aims, two ambitions, two hopes, or am I preparing myself for a clean sweep by perfecting one aim? As I read and reread this truth, the more I became convinced that I, as a future citizen of the United States, could do well to turn my varied interests into one channel, that I might fill some place to the best of my natural ability. All the loose ends of my hopes could be caught into one strong cord and be, in their union, stronger for my success.

Have you sharpened one edge, are you sharpening one, or are you dividing your time? Make your blade sharp, that your strokes into the future may be strongly given and cleanly proved.

Oleta Love



Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats

What does Lyric Poetry stir within *your* soul? It arouses one's most treasured thoughts in the "Holy of Holies" of the heart.

Keat's passionate, longing, appealing "Ode to a Nightingale" acquaints us with a man of intense feelings torn by a terrible, burning disease. His heart aches; his feelings ascend higher and still higher. He works up to the most perilous pitch and then falls with a crash back to the old surroundings, left weak and limp with exhaustion.

Wordsworth is extremely different, a man of composed appreciation of beauty. He roamed slowly, thoughtfully and dreamily among the wonders of nature, studying, caressing and caring for all. His beloved themes are of such everyday, commonplace topics as the "solitary Highland Lass," chanting her melancholy strain. He carried the song, the vision of the nodding daffodils and the picture of the drifting clouds away with him and made them a part of his placid life.

These men are but two of the inspiring lyrical writers, but they alone call forth the best within your soul. Such sonnets of the love of Beauty, Nature and Life create thoughts and feelings that burn within the soul, but are too sacred to reveal. They lift you up, urging you to comprehend life.

Mary Wright

"Illusions pass with youth," is a statement made oftentimes by older people. I always trusted that this was not true, because I had a very fanciful childhood, and because there was a time when I could not conceive of any joy in life when the frost fairies no longer painted the windows with sparkling ice, when pansies were not laughing faces, and when there was not a pot of gold hidden at the foot of the rainbow.

Again and again I asked myself these questions: Would a man be any the less a man or should he be ashamed if he retained some of his childhood illusions? Was it only a poet who could truly say,

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky."

Then the answer came. Surely not. Surely there must be some connecting link between fact and fancy, and somehow, we must be able to keep fancy from being crowded out by fact. Why shouldn't we all feel about this as Wordsworth felt about losing the thrill at the sight of a rainbow?

"So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So let it be when I grow old
Or let me die!"

Dorothy Woods

Wordsworth's poem, "The Lost Love," seems to me to be an unconscious sermon, for his thoughts are expressed so tenderly and so clearly, and yet in such simple words, that we, who are careless of our English, are at a loss to know how to account for it. We ponder over it in our minds and seek an explanation; at last it comes, "Genius." Then we sit back in our chairs, and go on as we always have, satisfied in the knowledge of our discovery, for we can see that not everyone can be a genius, and think no more of it. But how many of us could express in a paragraph, or a page, what Wordsworth expresses when he compares Lucy to a "violet by a mossy stone," or says that she is as "fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky?" and then when Lucy dies, don't you think his "But she is in her grave, and O! the difference to me!" is as effective as registering grief on a couple hundred feet of film?

Mary Scott

John Keats and William Wordsworth, two of England's renowned lyric poets, were both affected by music, but in different ways. Keats gives expression to his feeling on hearing a nightingale who "singing of summer in full-throated ease" in his "Ode to a Nightingale." The poet says that the bird's song has the effect of an opiate, making his heart ache and numbing his drowsy pains; that, while he listens, all the weariness, the fever and the fret are unknown to him. Then, as the bird's song fades away, its charmed listener awakes and the opiate effect is gone. The charm is not lasting; the listener went away with lingering tone ringing in his mind.

Wordsworth hears the song of a peasant girl as, "Alone she cuts and binds the grain." He knows not the theme of her song but,

"Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending:—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more."

From these two examples, showing in the first that the effect of the music was only momentary, not lasting, and in the second, that, tho' the theme was not understood, the music lingered long in the heart of the hearer, we see the different effects of music—characteristic of the two poets; characteristic of us.

Bessie Winfrey

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

I think there is some truth in Shelley's above declaration. I do not think that any of us will disagree with the first two lines. It is always the thing we haven't that we want. While we have it, we treat it as a matter of course, but, oh my! when it's gone, we think of a dozen and one different ways we might have done. We also see people doing something and wish we could do the same, but when we can do so, it sometimes loses interest.

I am not so sure about the second two lines, but to me, the last is very true. I think a good deal depends upon our nature or idea of sweetness, but it seems that "sweet" is more often applied to the songs of soft, sad melodies and touching words. We may not like them the best, but nevertheless they are the sweetest.

Dora Newcomb



COMMENCEMENT

CLEAN UP —



1916
NUMBER

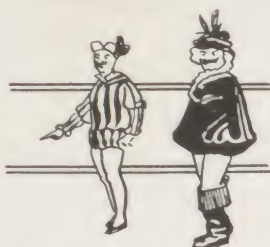


PAINT UP



"PIP" says he
might get a job in
the German trenches
puttin' the shot
at Verdun.

Charlie Chaplin in burlesque?



Nawl! Marvin D. and
Austin P.

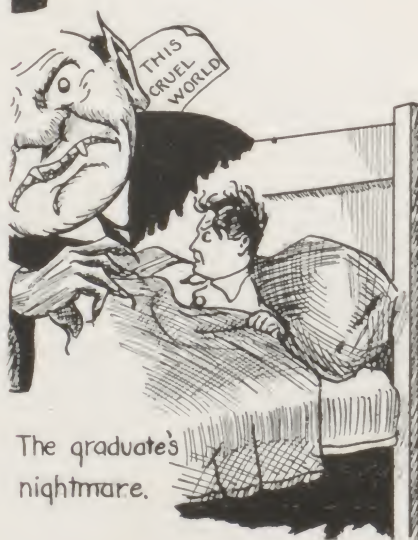


THE LAUGHS
ON
PAT

Thurie E. Earl L.



Dressed t' kill, yu
know.



The graduate's
nightmare.



"Shep" is just
like a Ford.
He hits ~~the low places~~
the low places and
misses the high ones.

No Yarn, yu don't
slide home in a track
meet.



HAS. GROWE

WHAT'S DOING





Why Hello!



Family Cares.



Peek-a-boo.



Teachee-Teachee-

MAC AND CO.



Cutie.



Homeward.



LA LA!

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.



Ho-Hum.



HAYERS.



Ruth



? ? ?



SURE



The Oak



Gretchen



Inviting



Moon

The Boys' Club is at the present time experiencing the most prosperous period of its existence. The club gave a banquet in the cafeteria on Friday, April 28th. The members have also completed a baseball schedule and are now playing ball four days in the week. The games are well played and will undoubtedly prove to be a great success.

* * *

The Girls' Glee Club has been so occupied with outside interests that it has been unable to appear before the school as often as we could have wished. The girls took part in the big Music Festival recently presented in this city, and later sang before the Eliza Hunter Suffrage Club. A chorus of girls from the Glee Club also furnished the music for the Shakespearean Festival. The club has done splendid work ever since it was started, in spite of the fact that it was organized late in the year.

* * *

East High may well be proud of its orchestra, which has given much pleasure, not only to the school, but to other audiences as well. It furnished the music for recent entertainments given by Emerson, Wallace and Whittier schools, besides the excellent work which it did in our own Shakespearean Festival. The fact that it is in such demand, shows that it is appreciated by others, as well as ourselves. The school has thoroughly enjoyed the weekly Thursday morning concert. The orchestra recently introduced the idea of having a solo at each of these concerts, and the innovation has been gratefully received by the school. The pupils scarcely realized before that there were so many talented people in their midst. At the present time the orchestra is busily engaged in mastering the music for the commencement exercises, and if one may judge by past achievements, it is sure to be a success.

* * *

On Wednesday, April 12, through the courtesy of Mr. A. O. Hauge, the school had the privilege of hearing Dr. Berle, of Boston. Dr. Berle, who was one of the party who conducted the anti-preparedness meeting here, talked on the general subject, "Language as a Tool of Knowledge." He brought home his points through illustrations gleaned from his own experiences.

* * *

We all enjoyed living through again the thrills of the last two East-West games when the film was run recently.

* * *

Friday, April 14, we were called to assembly to hear some of the men who were in Des Moines considering the advisability of changing, in some details, the present requirements in the public school course of study. Mr. Getz, of Cornell, talked about learning a subject so well, that it would be of practical use to one. As he expressed it, "Learn so that knowledge gets beyond your head."

Following him, Mr. Beveredge, of Council Bluffs, talked on the topic, "The Old Order Changeth." His talk was very good, in fact, one of the brightest of the year. We should like to hear him again.

* * *

April 18, the chorus of boys and girls from Webster and Grammar schools, and our own Choral Club rendered the songs they sang so well, as part of the chorus of fifteen hundred school children that sang with such success with the New York Phil-Harmonic Orchestra at the Coliseum during the spring music festival. The school liked the singing very much and appreciated the efforts of Mr. White and the grade school teachers in organizing and drilling so splendidly the magnificent chorus.

* * *

Thursday, April 20, an interesting and unusual assembly was held. A party of men, boosting for Clean-up and Paint-up week, visited the school, conducted by Mr. Thornburg. Mr. Faxon, of the Chamber of Commerce, gave the plan of the campaign. Sunday, the subject was to be brought before the people in the



Lucky Chaps!

Spring

Noon

Whose?

Is It Possible

V.

Posing.



Ha Ha



PLEASANT NOW!



"DON'T TAKE MY PICTURE"



Bunch



4 BELLS!



MODEST?



PAGEANT PRELUDE.



Freshies



You-



Going



Flatterer!



"The Wonder Crew."



Why Yes!



Ours!



Senior
Jays.

Drop.



Lib-



'IKKIE TOOLSIE.



F. N.



..Tiont Theirs
Tho'.

various churches. Monday was to be devoted to fire prevention and on this day all rubbish and useless waste was to be cleaned out. Tuesday had been selected as a day on which to sow grass seed and plant flowers, in fact, to do almost anything to improve the front yard. Wednesday was to be devoted to getting rid of useless and obnoxious weeds. Thursday one could dabble in paint and whitewash; Friday, clean up the back yard, and look after the tin cans and rubbish. Saturday was to be spent in looking after that vacant lot, seeing that the rubbish and weeds were cleared away.

Dr. Kirbye, of Plymouth Church, was the next speaker. He talked in appreciation of our opportunities as compared with his, recalling some of his childhood experiences when in school.

Mr. E. D. Greenman, of the Commercial Association, then spoke of the necessity of cleaning up in East Des Moines, and Mr. Roe, fire inspector, talked on fire prevention. He gave a number of statistics to prove that a large per cent of fires are preventable.

At the conclusion of these talks, the school sang America, after which Adele Aldera, a Sophomore, favored us with an accordion solo. The school enjoyed this treat very much and hope she may play for us again some time.

* * *

The promotion of an interest in Clean-up week was placed in the Seniors' hands. It was decided to arouse enthusiasm in the project, by giving speeches before the school. These talks were all voluntary and were very well received. On Tuesday when they were given, Elinor Melcher and Warren Bassett were chairmen. Elinor first called upon Gretchen Koenigsberger, who gave the ten commandments for Clean-up week; Tom Hudson told what ought to be done to improve the looks of the trees; and Helen Greever gave some valuable hints concerning the care of parkings. Earle LaSalle then drew the plans of an artistic window box and explained its construction. Irene Finn spoke of front yards and Henry Perry suggested that less talking and more working would be most profitable for a clean-up campaign. Ruth Holt next talked concerning front yards. Charlie Howard suggested that the high school boys and girls could attain some good results by wielding a whitewash brush. Nellie Weston concluded the talks by giving some excellent "dos" and "don'ts."

* * *

All this good advice was made use of on Friday, especially the first period, in cleaning up the building. The students worked as they had never worked before. If their mothers could have seen them it would have been a surprising revelation. The desks in the different class rooms were carefully scrubbed by those classes occupying them, and in some cases, they were afterwards waxed. In many rooms, hitherto unknown dust was found and removed, blackboards were washed and erasers dusted. At the conclusion of this performance, the recitation rooms were spotless, but some of the laborers bore the marks of the conflict. The assembly room was cleaned by the sophomore classes the second period, as was the yard, so that the building has become a model for a Dutch housewife, if we can only keep it that way.

* * *

The morning of April 27, East High's annual spring festival was given. It took the form of a Shakespearean memorial program and was under the supervision of the English department. The festival was divided into six parts and was given twice—on the front steps in the morning, and in the evening in the auditorium. The various dances which were executed in the course of the program were especially worthy of mention, as well as the six fools. The antics of the latter were the hit of the day.

The entertainment opened with the summoning of the Spirits of Mirth, by two wood nymphs. Their joyous dance was interrupted by the Muse of Comedy, who reproved them for dancing where Comedy is dragged in sordid ways. The spirits were about to leave when the Spirit of Poetry appeared, and, by a dance of sup-



MISS HATHAWAY.



The Fools.



VENETIANS



DRINKY DRYADE



MALYOLIO



SPRING??



D. R.



P.



T.



ANY RAGS!

plication, asked that the Muse permit her to bring scenes from Shakespeare's plays before her. The Muse hesitated, but Poetry summoned her Fools, who won permission to produce the scenes.

Spirit of Poetry.....Hulda Haskamp
 Spirit of Comedy.....Velma Wallace
 Wood NymphsRuth Holt, Madge Vest
 Jesters

Warren Bassett, Bruce Gould, Laurence Carter, Clarence Johnson, Tom Hudson, Frank Vetter

The first scene, taken from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, was produced by the ninth grade pupils. It opened with the entrance of Titania and her Fairies. Titania fell asleep and the Fairies left. Oberon, King of the Fairies, planned to play a trick on Titania.

A group of Athenian laborers assembled, then, to rehearse a play they were going to give before the Duke and Duchess. Bottom, one of the players, was transformed by Puck. On awakening, Titania fell in love with him, owing to the spell, Oberon undid his charm, and Bottom returned to the players.

The cast of characters:

TitaniaOsie Turk
 OberonLee Jarrett
 PuckKenneth Bishard
 ATHENIANS—
 Peter QuinceLowell Kratz
 Nick Bottom.....Irvin McNutt
 Francis FluteLeland Hawk
 Tom SnoutStanley Smith
 Robin StarvelingIngeman Mortenson
 SnugPaul Fowler

Fairies.

The second scene, from *As You Like It*, was presented by the tenth grade pupils. After a wrestling scene between Orlando and a French wrestler before the Duke, Rosalind was banished by the Duke and his daughter, Celia, accompanied her.

A group of foresters surrounded the exiled Duke, a brother of the reigning Duke. Orlando, who had been driven from home by his brother, appeared in their midst. He had fallen in love with Rosalind and pinned verses to the trees telling of his love. Rosalind, Celia and the fool, Touchstone, found the verses.

The cast of characters:

RosalindHarriet Morgan
 CeliaRuth Shaw
 OrlandoHope Thomas
 Duke SeniorEverett Horner
 Duke FrederickWalter Weissinger
 Le BeauFerd Krueger
 TouchstoneLeRoy Munger
 AmiensParker Karr

Foresters and Attendants.

The third, the court scene from the *Merchant of Venice*, was produced by the eleventh grade.

Antonio had borrowed some money, forty thousand ducats, from Shylock, in order that his friend, Bassanio, might have money enough to win fair Portia. Antonio's ships have been lost, and he must give to Shylock the bond of a pound of flesh, which he promised to forfeit if he could not pay the forty thousand ducats. Just as the Duke was about to yield the point to Shylock, Portia enters, disguised as a lawyer, and threatened Shylock with death if he did not adhere strictly to



WILLIAMS'S PRINCE



EVERYONE
WAS
THERE



DANCE
OF
THE
PRINCESSES



THE
RECESSION
ON
THE
STAIRS

cutting an exact pound of flesh and that, without shedding a drop of blood. Shylock gave up the bond.

The cast of characters:

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| The Duke of Venice..... | Lester Miller |
| Antonio, the Merchant..... | Ernest Shults |
| Bassanio | William Strom |
| Gratiano | Monrad Lundberg |
| Shylock | Max Kaplan |
| A Clerk | John Johnson |
| Portia | Elizabeth Englebeck |
| Nerissa | Irene Thorson |

Attendants.

The last play, a scene from Twelfth Night, was given by the seniors. Maria, maid to the Countess Olivia, planned to drop a note before Malvolio, the very conceited manager of the estate, in which he was led to believe that Olivia was in love with him. He was to appear in yellow hose with cross garters, constantly smiling before her. Maria was assisted in the trick by Sir Toby Belch, uncle of Olivia, the Clown, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Fabian, two of Olivia's admirers. Malvolio fell easy prey to the plan and Olivia concluded he was mad when he appeared according to the directions in the note. He finally discovered the joke and set himself right again.

The cast of characters:

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| Malvolio | Marvin Davidson |
| Sir Toby Belch..... | Austin Peterson |
| Sir Andrew Aguecheek..... | Earl La Salle |
| Fabian | Thurie Engstrom |
| Clown | Tom Hudson |
| Marie | Oleta Love |
| Olivia | Mary Wright |

In the conclusion, Comedy showed that she was satisfied that Shakespeare was still appreciated, by summoning the four groups of players before her. She gave recognition to Rosalind, Portia and Maria, but Poetry's flowers were given to Titania. Poetry then danced in joy that her plan had succeeded, the procession formed and passed out of sight.

The dancing of Hulda Haskamp, who took the part of Poetry, was especially good. All the parts were well given and the festival proved to be one of the best entertainments ever given by the school, the classical style of the front steps making a perfect background for such a production.

* * *

The same day that Hulda Haskamp worked so diligently and conspicuously in the festival, she passed two of the most difficult of the shorthand and typewriting tests, and swam the length of the pool several times.

* * *

Ruth Holt and Margaret Schaffer have won gold medals by writing fifty-five words a minute on the typewriter for ten minutes without more than ten errors.

* * *

A dramatic reading was given in assembly by Arthur Kachel, Tuesday, May 9. Mr. Kachel read portions of "The Music Master," which has been played with such success by David Warfield. The school enjoyed it very much.

* * *

Friday, May 12, Mr. Eddy, who is at the head of the boy scout movement, talked to us. He gave us the "why" of the movement and told many of the interesting things that the scouts do. At the conclusion of his interesting talk, he gave the pledge of the scout. We hope Mr. Eddy will accept Miss Goodrell's invitation to come again.



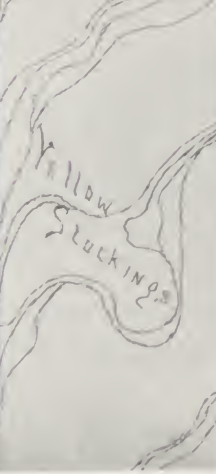
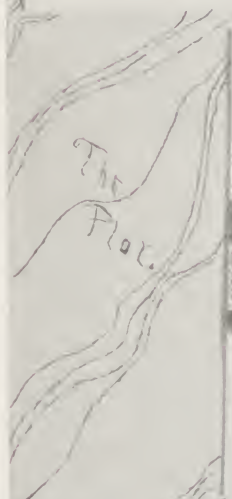
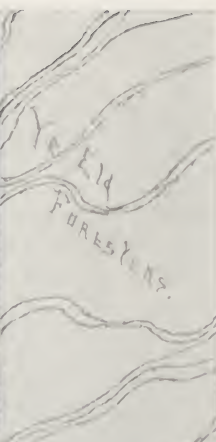
THE MERCURY
BY VENICE



THE ANITA
AND
BOLTON



THE
SHACKLES





Stage Setting for the Indoor Performance of the Shakespearean Festival. Dance of the Jesters



THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

PIRCE

WIDOW

KATE

PERUCHIO

The six boys who took the parts of the jesters in our festival, gave their dance at North High's festival, with great success.

* * *

The sewing classes have been very busy for the last few weeks. In addition to making most of the costumes for the festival, many of the girls are making their dresses for graduation.

* * *

Miss Crete Purmort, who taught in East High for several years, was married in New York City, May 13, to Dr. William Harley Glafke. Mr. and Mrs. Glafke will reside in New York.

* * *

The recently organized Commercial Club enjoyed a trip through the hosiery mills not long ago. Many such trips are planned for the future. The club also recently had the pleasure of hearing a talk by Mr. Robert Bannister, on the subject of negotiable papers.

* * *

The swimming classes are getting along beautifully. Hulda Haskamp and Juanita Maitland of the seniors, and Marie Haskamp, Osie Turk, Anna Maitland and Ellen Clarke have completed the life-saving work.

* * *

A recent marriage of interest was that of Leona Matthes and Clarence E. Story, both of '15.

* * *

A course in advertisement lettering was offered for one week in May. The class numbered about forty and was conducted by Mr. Faust, a teacher from Chicago, and a recognized authority on broad point lettering.

* * *

Miss Poorbaugh's class is office training recently visited The Successful Farming plant. They found it a very interesting institution.

* * *

The appearance of the Alumni Field is improving. The sod has been removed from the baseball field, the field has been rolled and bleachers have been erected. The manual training boys have been working manfully, building seats. The result is a seating capacity of about one thousand. The material for most of these seats was furnished by the seniors. It will be remembered that it was the boys in the manual training classes who erected the seats in the Gymnasium last year.

* * *

Wednesday, May 17th, was the fourth anniversary of East High's moving into the new building. It was celebrated, as last year, by inviting the parents to visit the school and see it at work. Although regular classes were held during the various recitation periods, the study period was devoted to a musical program by the Delia Quartet, assisted by Mary Davis. The concert proved very enjoyable. At the close of the second lunch period another assembly was held. A short program of reminiscences was given, Mr. Peterson presiding. After school the girls' swimming class gave an exhibition.

At eight o'clock in the evening, a cantata, The Building of the Ship, was given by the Choral Club under the direction of Mr. White. The chorus was assisted by Miss Elizabeth Burney, Mr. Orlo Eastman, Gretchen Winterrowd,

and Mary Davis. Margaret Haver was the accompanist. The program, which was in two parts, was as follows:

PART I.

Chorus, "Build Me Straight, O Worthy Master."
Solo, "The Merchant's Word."
Duet, "Beautiful They Were."
Chorus, "Thus Said He, We Will Build This Ship."
Solo, "The Master's Word."
Chorus, "Ah, How Skillful."
Solo, "Thus With the Rising of the Sun."
Chorus, "Happy, Thrice Happy."

PART II.

Solo, "Day by Day the Vessel Grew."
Chorus, "Build Me Straight, O Worthy Master."
Solo, "The Ocean Old."
Solo, "On the Deck."
Chorus, "The Prayer Is Said."
"Then the Master."
Chorus, "And Lo, From the Assembled Crowd."
Solo, "How Beautiful She Is."
"Sail Forth Into the Sea of Life."
Chorus and Solo, "Sail On, Sail On."

Following the cantata, a one-act play, "The Bishop's Candlesticks," dramatized from Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," was given. The cast follows:

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------|
| The Bishop | William Whinery |
| The Convict | Mac Arnold |
| Persome' (The Bishop's Sister)..... | Gertrude Lash |
| Marie | Prudence Pierce |
| Sergeant of Gendarmies..... | Tom Hudson |

Gendarmes

{ Clarence Fackler
Lawrance Carter
Clifford Tew
Rupert Celandier

Time—The beginning of the last century.
Place—France, about thirty miles from Paris.
Dramatic Director—Mrs. Edna Means Lytton.

Without taking into consideration the fact that this scene was gotten up in three days, it was most excellently played for amateurs; but remembering that fact it was nothing short of marvelous. Mac Arnold played his part with a good understanding of its character and an appreciation of its dramatic qualities. William Whinery and Prudence Peirce were exceptional in the parts and all the cast was good.



Going to Press

ATHLETICS



Krop

DRAKE RELAY CARNIVAL.

The Drake relay carnival held April 23 was the most successful that has ever been held. University, college and high school sections were represented by the most important schools of the Middle West and both state and world's records were broken.

Wisconsin took three firsts in the university class. The college honors were divided among Grinnell, Morningside and Hamline. East, West and Fort Dodge divided honors in the high school division. West High won the shuttle race and took third in the mile relay. Fort Dodge beat East High in the half-mile relay and came in behind Cedar Rapids in the two mile. East won the mile relay in the record time of 3:36 $\frac{1}{2}$, with Overturff, Yarn, Dietz and Byers running. Dietz, Johns, Yarn and Byers ran for the Scarlet and Black in the half-mile relay. Fort Dodge won this race in 1:37 $\frac{2}{5}$.

In the special 220-yard dash Hoyt, of Grinnell, set a world's record for that distance on a curved track. Two years ago, Hoyt, running for Greenfield High, beat Jarvis and Dow Byers in the dashes and the hurdles.

BASEBALL.

The Athletic Department of the Octagon Club organized a baseball league to give the baseball players of the school a chance to enjoy the leading American game. It was also the result of their efforts that a diamond was laid out and leveled on Alumni Field.

The fellows interested in baseball elected four captains to pick out the teams. Captains Ellis, Thorpe, Ford and Williams organized four teams under the names Athletics, Giants, Senators, and Tigers. The number of fellows interested was greater than was anticipated, but for the first year it was decided to have only four teams.

CITY TRACK MEET.

The first track meet held on Alumni Field was the City Meet of May 6. West High won the meet with 80 $\frac{1}{3}$ points; East, 42 $\frac{2}{3}$ points; and North, 27 points.

Although the meet had been previously doped out with West to win, the results all differed so widely from the predictions that the man picked seldom won. H. Byers, of West, or Mac Byers, of East, had been doped to win the hundred, but Morton, of North, led them at the finish by several yards. On account of the illness of Byers Dyer was substituted for him in the mile relay team and our champion team suffered defeat.

The meet started with the century dash and the best we could get was third and fourth, made by Byers and Spears. In the next event our hopes rose higher when "Swede" Yarn, running in pretty form, won the 120-yard hurdles, with "Sid" Shepard third.

Our lack of distance men showed in the mile when West carried off all but third place, scoring nine of the eleven points. Higgins, of North, led the field for the first three laps, but Slayton, West's best miler last year, and McNall, a new man, both passed him on the last lap and fought it out between themselves in the last 220 yards. McNall beat Slayton by about eight yards.

The 440-yard dash was Byers' best race, with Medbury and Minor, of West, as his chief opponents. He passed Medbury on the curve and beat him by several yards, but he was forced to tie the record of 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds which he hung up last year. Dietz, of East, fought out the last few yards with Minor in an effort to pass him but was unsuccessful.



Pip



DUNNEGAN DIETZ



JOHNSON WAYERS.



Shep



MAE



Shrimp

Tad



THE GYM.





Miss Stowell.



Gym
Work.



Wand.



Wand
Drill.

A. Devine, of West, and Blagburn and Scarpino, of North, won the first three places in the low hurdles. Dunagan, of East, won fourth. Yarn was leading the field at the ninth hurdle, but he stepped on a soft spot in the track and failed to clear the hurdle. He tripped and fell. He got up again but failed to place.

McGann, finishing fourth was the only Scarlet and Black runner to place in the half mile. The discus and shotput were both won by West with East's men, Lingenfelter and Overturff, winning seconds in each. Mac Byers beat Hal Byers in the 220, but he was not able to beat Beck, also of West. Dietz won fourth place.

Aubrey Devine, West High's star sophomore, won the pole vault by clearing 10 feet 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Shepard, of East, Gifford, of North, and Koht, of West, were unable to make it and tied for second place. West had the high jump all their own way, winning the first three places, while Hamborg and Shepard tied Allen, of West, for fourth.

Yarn beat A. Devine in the broad jump by making 20 feet and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Yarn's hard luck in the hurdles kept him from taking individual honors, as that would have given him five more points and cut Devine's down two.

Medbury, H. Byers, Beck and Beverly, the Maize and Blue's star 220 men, won the half-mile relay in 1:39. McNall clipped 5 $\frac{1}{5}$ seconds from the city record for the mile. McKowen, winner of the shotput and A. Devine of the pole vault, broke records held by Macomber, of West, since 1905 and 1906. North High freshmen won the half-mile freshman relay, East coming in a bad third.

Though the meet was the first held on Alumni Field, it was a big success. The day was ideal and the events were carried off without any unnecessary delay.

This meet is merely the forerunner of greater ones on our own field. In a few years we shall be able to have invitation meets of our own without depending on the colleges of the state. We have the ground and by constantly improving it we can make it one of the leading athletic fields of the state.

The summary of events:

100-yard dash—Morton (N.) first, H. Byers (W.) second, M. Byers (E.) third, Spears (E.) fourth. Time, :10 $\frac{2}{5}$.

120-yard high hurdles—Yarn (E.) first, Koht (W.) second, Shepard (E.) third, Kilmar (N.) fourth. Time, :18.

Mile run—McNall (W.) first, Slayton (W.) second, Higgins (N.) third, Zook (W.) fourth. Time, 4:47 $\frac{1}{5}$.

440-yard dash—M. Byers (E.) first, Medbury (W.) second, Miner (W.) third, Dietz (E.) fourth. Time, :53 $\frac{1}{5}$.

220-yard low hurdles—A. Devine (W.) first, Blagburn (N.) second, Scarpino (N.) third, Dunagan (E.) fourth. Time, :28 $\frac{1}{5}$.

880-yard run—McLucas (W.) first, Brown (N.) second, Zook (W.) third, McGann (E.) fourth. Time, 2:11 $\frac{1}{5}$.

Discus throw—Chiesa (W.) first, Lingenfelter (E.) second, Tower (W.) third, Gifford (N.) fourth. Distance, 104 feet 4 inches. This breaks the old city record of 101 feet.

220-yard dash—Beck (W.) first, M. Byers (E.) second, H. Byers (W.) third, Dietz (E.) fourth. Time 23 $\frac{1}{5}$.

Shotput—McKowen (W.) first, Overturff (E.) second, A. Devine (W.) third, G. Devine (W.) fourth. Distance, 43 feet 9 inches.

Mile relay—North (Brown, Hallquist, McDaniels, Higgins) first, East second, West third. Time, 3:48 $\frac{3}{5}$.

Pole vault—A. Devine (W.) first, Shepard (E.), Gifford (N.) and Koht (W.) tied for second. Height, 10 feet 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Broad jump—Yarn (E.) first, A. Devine (W.) second, Scarpino (N.) third, Shufelt (E.) fourth. Distance, 20 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

High jump—Pedersen (W.) and Chiesa (W.) tied for first, Linn (W.) third, Hamborg (E.), Allen (W.) and Shepard (E.) tied for fourth. Height, 5 feet $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Half-mile relay—West (Beck, Medbury, Beverly and H. Byers) first, East second, North third. Time, 1:39.

Special half-mile relay for freshmen—North first, West second, East third. Time, 1:42 $\frac{3}{5}$.

JOHN VAN LIEW.

John Van Liew will finish his eighth year as head coach of athletics at East High this spring. His record for turning out successful teams is unequaled



in the city and probably is unsurpassed by any coach in the state. A coach should be judged by the teams he produces year after year, not one especially successful or unsuccessful year. Very few coaches can remain at one school more than four years and keep athletics on a high plane.

In the last eight years East High has won more than her share of victories. We have lost only ten football games in the last eight years. Several of these ten games were lost through overconfidence, often inspired by the too-sure student body. During this time we have won forty-four and tied four games. North High has never defeated us and only tied the score once. They have beaten West in two of the last eight games played. We have won four games, lost three and tied one with West High during Van's regime. Our worst defeat was at the hands of Omaha in 1914. At the beginning of the last quarter of that game there were only six regulars in the line-up and the score was 13 to 0 in our favor. It got very dark before the end of the quarter and Omaha made a total of 24 points in the last few minutes of the play.

East has not made as good a record as West in track because fewer fellows are able to spend the time and it requires a large number of men to pick out a successful track team. We have, however, won a number of medals. We have in our possession at this time the Spalding Cup, won by our team at Grinnell last year. It is to go to the team winning it three times. This is written before the Grinnell meet this year, which comes off May 13th.

In developing individual stars Van Liew has to his credit the bringing out of Dow Byers, All-Western halfback in 1915; Vere Loper, the man who starred in the three major sports at Grinnell; Carl Leibsle, who was one of Drake's best long distance men; Watson Metcalf, who made a state record as a pole vaulter; Walter Dunagan, East High's fastest miler; the Mullen brothers and John Patterson, picked for the all-Iowa high school eleven four times.

Not only has he developed these athletes, but he has developed the moral character of hundreds of fellows that have been under his direction. Van Liew will not coach next year, but he will be here as physical director and continue to teach the fellows the spirit of clean athletics.

THE GRINNELL MEET.

On May 13 East High won the invitation track and field meet at Grinnell with 30 points, 5 points ahead of North High. The meet was held in the worst kind of a rain storm, the rain pouring down the entire time. The fellows waded through three inches of water on the back stretch.

The Scarlet and Black started pretty badly, failing to place in either the 100 or the mile. In both the 220 and the 120 yard hurdles, Yarn came in second. We failed to place in the half mile but "Red" Lingenfelter kept us in the counting by winning third place in the discus.

Our scoring started in earnest in the next event when Overturff took first place in the shotput by heaving the ball 41 feet 4 inches, and John Elssasser, third. Mac Byers may be a runner but he is a poor duck and Kelly, of Newton, and McMurray, of Grinnell, beat him to the finish in the quarter mile. "Sid" Shepard kept our score going up by taking first in the pole vault and a short time later he won second in the high jump. On account of the mud these events had to be run off in the gymnasium. Our crack mile relay team splashed through water to a victory over North High, avenging the defeat they gave us in the City Meet the week before. North won the half-mile relay, with East second. This tied the points and it was "Swede" Yarn's first place in the broad jump that won the meet and brought the Spaulding cup back to East High.

Now we have won this cup twice and it remains for next year's track men to bring it back again that it may remain permanently in our possession.



Huldah Harkamp Ruth Holt

Aesthetic Dancing

THE
INTERLIE WAIN
YESTER



"Oh yes, I am going to teach school," said Evelyn Davis the other day to me.

After I had murmured my condolence and regrets—one really has to do the right thing, even though it is rather painful—she continued her interrupted discourse.

"But then, just because I *am* going to teach school, you needn't think I am not going to have a good time. Even while I am at school I intend to carry my powder puff right along with me," she said defiantly.

"How about the face cream," I ventured to ask, "isn't that rather necessary, too?"

"Silly, I thought you would take that much for granted," she said pityingly. "Why I would just as leave not wear my rings as to leave *it* at home."

"I'm sorry," I gasped deprecatingly, as she sailed away.

* * *

I met Miss Finn the other day. In the course of our conversation, I inquired casually as to her probable future. She at once became extremely interested and volunteered much information which, unfortunately, we have not the space to print. But it was all to the effect that ever since she had been a child, she had had a great desire to write songs, just like Mr. Berlin's (who, pardon be granted, she thinks is a genius) and that (since she would not have to rely upon them for a living) she thought that she would try her hand. As a natural consequence, I replied that I thought it a very good idea, and that she was fortunate in not having to rely upon the income for a living, to which she nodded eagerly, but a second after, looked rather curiously at me; but as I am used to having people look curiously at me, I did not mind.

She told me enthusiastically that she had already begun a song, the first line of which was, "Through fields of clover," but as yet she hadn't been able to decide on the next line.

"Surely you are not going to let pass this opportunity to 'work in Dover,' are you?" I asked, shocked at such a flagrant disregard of custom.

"I was thinking of it," she remarked pitifully, "but I did so want to lay my song in Dixie," she finished lamely.

I left her immediately, rather cuttingly remarking something about people who didn't seem to know right from wrong, and that she had better leave off attempting to write songs, since she didn't seem to know the first principles.

* * *

John Burke came up to me in a dazed manner the other day, and tearfully asked if I would let him recite some poetry which he had just composed. Wishing to humor him (it is always best to humor people in his state), I assented, and he, with a look of gratitude in his eyes, recited the following with great fervor:

Thou Charmest Me, and If So, Why?

O pensive, thoughtful cabbage head
I would'st that I wert thou,
To think the thoughts that thou must think
As thou sittest on thy bough.
Thy tranquil face
Thy unwrinkled brow,
These thou to me endear,
If I could only be like thee
The whole world would'st I cheer."

As he uttered the last touching line, three sparrows that had been attracted to the scene by the sound of his voice, dropped dead. I clawed the air desperately, fighting for a brief respite and fell into a deep swoon. I knew no more. Who would?

* * *

Seniors! ! !

It's a gay life, but don't weaken, for them as *wakens* are the ones as are *cut* down.

THE SEASON'S HITS.

The Man Without a Country.

In which Isador Chapman disports himself with ease and assuredness.

* * *

The Bird of Paradise.

Presenting the versatile Miss Alice Warner in her most charming role.

* * *

Eternal Grind.

Wonderful pageant. East High pupils en masse play with sincerity and feeling. Fails to make a hit. Not popular.



The Midnight Frolic.

Vesta Plummer and Mary Davis starring. Entertaining; sprightly music and the latest songs.

* * *

The Yellow Jacket.

Very good. Nellie Weston starring. Costumes bright and attractive.

* * *

Mile Stones.

Will Hammer, Felix Gutschall, Louie Elman and Stanley Mariott give perfect imitations.

It Pays to Advertise.

Sam Dietz, leading character. Convincingly rendered, but lacking a little in artistic effect.

* * *

The Little Millionaire.

Sh-h (there ain't no such animal).

* * *

Under Cover.

All the boys with new hats have their fling.



Who's a Coward?

?! ?! ?! ?! ?!

* * *

The King of Nowhere.

Cole Berthoff's acting in this play betrays the finished actor. (Finished about twenty years ago.)

Seniors, when looking for a job, or rather, let us say position for the summer, approach the moneyed employer in this manner. Walk in with a brisk step and a glad-to-meet-you-friend smile upon your face. Shake his hand with your right about fifteen times with vigor, meanwhile slapping him deliberately on the back with your left. Up to this time, you should not have said a word. Clear your throat about four times (this gives the employer time to arrange his disarranged tie, collar, and hair), then ask him how his business is getting along, if he has plenty of cash to meet his outstanding debts, and, finally, how large is his payroll? This prepares the way for your final question. By this time, he will be so limp from astonishment, that you could wrap him around your little finger, (were it in style). When you have received the payroll figures, ask him if his business could stand a two-hundred-dollar-a-month raise in it, (you infer that he is keen enough to know that that is what you wish.) He will then be so near apoplexy that he will babble some incoherent nothings, which you, of course, take to mean yes. When he comes to, you will be gracing his office and he will be unable to discharge you, for fear you will write to Cynthia Grey and call him a mean old thing.

* * *

Hearing a rumor to the effect that a senior boy, one Kenneth Henkle, had made a reference to his sitting *alone* on a park bench, I ran with all proper haste to view the strange phenomena. I stopped him with my glittering eye, and breathlessly asked if anything had occurred that should cause him to sit *all alone* on a park bench. At first he seemed inclined to be uncivil and to make slighting remarks, which I very properly ignored, but finally he did condescend to answer:

"The reason of my being alone on the park bench was, that I had gone there for the special purpose of thinking, and I find that the park lends itself very admirably to the purpose," he maintained stoutly.

"Perhaps you find it rather hard to think?" I asked, becoming interested in this man's affliction. "Or was she disinclined to go out with you, or (horrible thought) had she even intimated that she might never care to sit with you on a park bench and think?" I asked anxiously, my voice breaking at the thought of the terrible catastrophe.

"You make me sick," was his ungracious reply, as he stalked off.

* * *

Do clothes make the man? They seem to. The other day a couple of fellows from the forge shop (with their dirty overalls on), were going out to Alumni Field to work. A lady stopped them on the way and inquired, "Do you boys clean wall paper?"

Thought they were common laborers, bah Jove!

* * *

Bob McKee was playing golf with a novice. It was on No. 5, Grand View.

"I've had only three strokes so far," said the novice.

Bob, absent-mindedly, (noticing position of his ball), "Ah, that's a perfect lie."

* * *

Take extravagant praise cum grano salis. This seasoning preferred with criticism, however.

* * *

Young authors should always remember that there are some time-honored phrases, which it would be the height of bad taste to leave out of their writings. Just think of the storm of criticism that would greet a thud that was anything but a "dull thud." It is horrible to contemplate. Then, "I know not how long I slept" should always be worked in, it's indispensable and, "I hurried onward, not noticing my direction until, suddenly looking up, I found myself in the lower, rougher portion of the city," is a fine sentence to introduce the place where the thugs get *him*. There should always be a "casual observer" and *never* forget the "suspicious-looking character dogging his footsteps." But above all, never have

a revolver discharged unless "a streak of flame and a loud report" immediately follow.

* * *

Verily, when a teacher putteth the time of the hour upon your slip when she sendeth you to the study room, she hath lost all confidence in you. Selah.

* * *

A Thriller.

The hero and the heroine,
They loved unto distraction.
(They always do in story books,
This film is no exception.)

The villain then upon the scene
Appeared at time untimely.
A handsome, bold, bad man was he,
Sacre! he'd get them finely.

He curled his snaky, black, moustache
And planned for their destruction.
(A villain always does these things,
They are his introduction.)

His wiles soon snared the tender maid,
(Don't sob, or they'll be staring.)
He tied her to a railroad track;
Ye Gods! What fiendish daring!

The Flyer now approaches fast,
Her face with terror blanches.
(We know the hero comes in here,
But still we're getting anxious.)

Hurrah! from out his aeroplane
The hero drops quite lightly.
(I *knew* he wouldn't let her die,
It would be most unlikely.)

With left hand pushes back the train,
With right unties his dearest.
The villain chokes himself to death,
(Which exit is the nearest?)

* * *

It Should!

I met Jim Curran the other day.
"Can it was?" I greeted him cheerfully.
"Am I?" he replied surprisedly.
"I did not," I vouchsafed, while he groped about for a suitable rejoinder.
"Well, I thought it will have been, but if she won't, we can't, will we?" he returned, and we parted.

* * *

Ah, Yes.

"Three years have I spent toiling and digging at the roots of German verbs," said Russell Stenstrom. Alas, another branch that will never bear fruit.

I Don't Know.

"Physics is a wonderful study," said Mr. Peterson.

I agreed gloomily, mentally reviewing the work we had gone over.

"Yes," he went on, "the work in electricity is very interesting. Take, for instance, the chapter on induced currents. Now I have a theory, that if an induced current were moved perpendicularly counterclockwise, the magnetic flux would tend to heighten the oscillations between the terminals of the bi-polar generator"—

By this time, he was talking rapidly, nervously and a strange light shone from his eyes. I looked furtively about for an avenue of escape—"and the vibrations of the commutator would react upon the rheostat so that the current would pulsate 60 cycles to the minute"—I gasped, choked and fled, leaving him talking. The last words I heard were—"the split ring transformer increases inversely in vacuo."

* * *

* * * And then the Germans charged, and the captain shouted, "Shoot at will," and I shouted, "Which one is he?" and then they took my gun away and wouldn't let me play any more."—Ex.

* * *

Yessum.

"A caddie," said Miss Hammer, discoursing upon golf, "is a very useful institution. He can carry your clubs, keep your score (if he isn't too accurate in addition), and best of all, remove your ball from any small depression in which it happens to wander, thus giving you always a good lie. Why, the first time I used a caddie, my score dropped from 150 to 135 on the 18. I swear by caddies."

* * *

Wanderings of a Weary Mind. (?)

A beggar drifted into town
Of non-descript description,
He went into a drug store near,
And begged a small prescription.
But ha, ha, ha, the funny part—
He beggared all description.

The class in humor will now step forward. Carefully peruse the above. Do you get a glimmer of sense from it? No? Good. What is it put here for? You don't know? Good. Well, since it is in the Joke Department, it must be meant for a joke. But can a senseless thing be a joke? Let us see. The prime object of a joke is to make you laugh. Does the effusion make you laugh? Yes, in the next to the last line. Ha, ha, ha, good.

* * *

"Oh, the jobs we'll get in the Spring, tra la," sang a senior.

"At six dollars a week," added old man Experience. Somebody's always taking the joy out of life.

* * *

Mr. P. (telling how Horse Latitudes received its name): "The ships were becalmed there so long, that all of their cargo of horses died on their hands, or rather, on the ship."

* * *

Yea, verily, he who jollieth his teachers either upon their beauty or upon the exceeding hardness of their lessons, receiveth a good grade, while he who saith nothing, getteth the same.

* * *

It's almost time for sport shirts to be blossoming again. Bill Whinery says he's agin' 'em. His red ties don't fit 'em natural.

A Young Man's Store

--in spirit
--in style
--in policy

Suits - Hats - Furnishings - Luggage

THE UTICA
I. & A. FRIEDLICH CO.

"Largest Because Best"

HOPKINS BROS.

Whether it is an
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WE HAVE IT

and we will **guarantee** that it will give
satisfaction and take **good pictures**.

Let us demonstrate one to you.

We also do **developing** and **finishing**.

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618 LOCUST STREET

SPORTING GOODS

EARNIE THE BARBER

Guarantees Satisfaction

Try him and see

EAST NINTH AND CLEVELAND

"Stingy! Why, that fellow's so stingy that he won't buy a calendar for fear that he might not live long enough to use it all up!"

How About Your Summer Clothes?

MODEL CLEANERS AND TAILORS

TREAT U BEST

Ladies' Work a Specialty
Phone Black 2062

East Sixth and Des Moines Sts.
Auto Service

Miss Church: "Class, this week we will go to the gas plant and next week we will go to the water plant."

Lawrence Carter: "When are we going to the pie plant?"

Frank H. Kitchen

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

is temporarily located at 417 E. Locust

Phone Maple 1121

Dr. C. A. BENT

Surgeon-Dentist

Good Work a Specialty.

20 Years' Practical Experience.

Office Hours: 9 to 12 and 1 to 5.
Sunday Hours: 9 to 1.

Office: Teachout Bldg.
East Fifth and Locust Streets.

Rooms 401, 402, 402½, Fourth Floor.

Phone Maple 1139.

and he began to realize the meaning of graduation, and a dire fear gripped his heart. Then such taking home of books and such opening of covers, and such application was ne'er dreamed of before. He escaped by the barest of margins and with the barest of thirty-two credits. Moral: Gather in the credits when they are tender of growth and easily stalked, that you may put them by for a rainy day.

Frankel's
Says

Young men look to
this store for the Cor-
rect Styles.

When this store features a new style in Suits, Shirts, Hats, or Ties, the young men take to them like ducks take to water.

They are now taking to our "Pinch-Back" suits at

\$15 and \$20

"The Store for Young Men"

Spring
Caps

THE GOOD CLOTHES STORE
Frankel's
513 TO 517 WALNUT ST.

Silk
Shirts

Real Life.

Once there was a boy who was a pupil in a high school. During his first two years he took no book home for the purpose of careful application. Yet, lo! he got by. But there came a third year and, full of the spirit of getting by, he neither took books home nor even looked inside their covers. Alackaday! He faltered, tottered and flunked grievously. Then there came a fourth year

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Class and individual pictures at reasonable prices.

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For something extra fine in a diamond ring or gold watch, call at A. C. Hanger's. Our stock is as fine as it is possible to have it. And prices reasonable—why so reasonable? Because we own our building and do not have to pay \$300 to \$600 a month for rent, and where possible we purchase our goods from the manufacturers and importers—saving the jobber's profit.

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526 East Locust St.

No-o-o-o More.

He used to take her candy,
He used to take her flowers,
He used to take her to the shows,
He used to stay for hours.
No-o-o-o more! They're married!

She used to think him clever,
She used to think him brave,
She used to think he was a Prince,
He was her darling Dave.
No-o-o-o more! They're married!

Commencement Days

Means the beginning of real life for East High students.
We want your friendship and patronage when you get into
active life as men and women. We will try at all times
to serve you in a satisfactory manner.

IOWA SEED CO.

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Dance Records
are
endorsed and
used by
Florence and
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New York

Records
play longer and
cost less than
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All the famous
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Records are 10½
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World Wide Endorsement is Given

The Pathephone

for its wonderfully pure, rich, harmonious and faithful tone reproduction. Des Moines' greatest musicians unite in the opinion that the Pathephone is the musical instrument which marks the ultimate success of inventors for years past.

We invite every one of the East High Students to come to our concert rooms and hear this wonderful instrument for themselves. We feel sure that you will agree with us in all we have said.

Des Moines Pathephone Co.

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C. C. Donnell & Sons, Western Distributors

Retail—Wholesale

Mark Johnson Co.

503-505 WALNUT ST.

The Store of Dependable Clothes

Thank You!

Just to tell you High School fellows how grateful we are for the splendid patronage you have given us the past year---

WE THANK YOU

For Sale: Baker's business. Good trade. Large oven. Present owner has been in it for seven years. Best reasons for leaving.

She: "I told him he must not see me any more."

Mother: "Well, what did he do?"

She: "Why, he turned out the light."
—Ex.

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We carry a complete line of cameras and supplies; also baseball goods.

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Stephens Bros., Props.

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Why does a hen cross a road?
To get on the other side.

Why does a mosquito cross a road?
To get on the other's hide.—Ex.



A. W. Larson

Start Right and Finish Right

Don't waste valuable time searching about town for that special suit that Brown wore. One man did—he finally landed here and found it. **START RIGHT**—come to **THE HUB** Clothing Store and you'll **FINISH RIGHT** on the clothes question.



315 Sixth Avenue

Snuff It Out.

The great advantage in being educated lies in the fact that you can trace down the little things. When someone says to you, "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points," you can tell him that you learned that years ago in Civics, and if they wish to put anything over on you, they'd, at least, better get something new.

A freshman rises to remark that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and also the straightest. Hey, Martha, drop the guillotine.

* * *

Not Knowing, I Could Not Say.

In an office test, the word "cocoanut" was marked wrong on one paper.

Esther Allen: "Miss Poorbaugh, you've marked my cocoanut wrong, and it isn't."

Yunker Brothers

The Store for Graduates

This store affords the best shopping advantages to the miss who is about to graduate; to the June bride; to those who are planning summer vacations.

Stocked with the choicest merchandise that the markets afford—with the varieties that are unequaled in the entire West—with a service that means absolute satisfaction, it is indeed of interest to you.

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Dentist

308 Bank Building
Des Moines, Iowa

Dr. Thaddeus Minassian

Practice Limited to

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

308 C. C. Bank Building
Phone Maple 3128

A Man's a Man for a' That.

Fine sentiment, but hard to appreciate when one has egg on one's tie.

* * *

Why is it that the villain is always so handsome and has all the brains, while the poor, but honest (I use this poor, overworked phrase with due regard to its feelings) hero is so stupid until the very end, where, with the author's help, he triumphs? It is presupposed that the heroine doesn't even suspect the villainous nature of the villain.

* * *

My heartiest sympathy is with the photographer who listened to that coy, "I'll bet I'll break the camery." joke (? ?) from all the seniors who "had their pictures tuk."

* * *

How Shakespeare would turn in his grave if he knew how some of his plays are being given over the land, presumably in his honor.

For the VACATION DAYS

Golf Outfits, \$5.00 and up. Tennis Rackets, Balls, Nets, etc., at lowest prices. A complete line of Fishing Tackle, Boats, Canoes, Bathing Suits—everything for the "Out of Doors."

**Evans Hardware & Sporting
Goods Company**
318 West Seventh Street



East High Seniors

You will want to look your best on graduation day, so don't overlook your teeth.

Have those cavities filled now, while they are small.

You will also want your teeth cleaned. I can give your teeth a high polish which will make them look like pearls. Reasonable prices to students.

DR. MOTIS' DENTAL ROOMS

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Blue serges and neat patterns in worsteds—very appropriate for commencement—

\$15 - \$18 - \$20 - \$25

Latest colors and patterns in shirts, ties and hosiery

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First-Class Hair Cutting
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410 EAST SIXTH STREET

With a Full Line of Men's
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Fine Shoe Repairing

The Man Who Cleats E. H. S.
Shoes



The Gift For Commencement

Why a watch—

A GOOD WATCH for a graduation present; there you have the ideal of "gifts that last a lifetime."

Commencement Day is a rare blend of hope and memory; one of youth's greatest milestones. It calls for a memorial of dignity and permanence.

There are certain types of men who haven't much respect for time. Time is nothing in the life of a tramp. Men of little character, wasters and dreamers, pride themselves on their contempt of time. Any watch will do for the man who is content to drift in a few minutes late, but what a gap there is between him and the man who has disciplined himself to keep track of the seconds.

We especially recommend a Hamilton watch—in the new thin 12-size at \$28.00 and \$40.00. Elgins range in price from \$10.00 upward.

Bracelet watches are more popular than ever—and we have a wonderfully complete assortment from \$12.75 upward.

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YOU'RE SAFE AT PLUMB'S
SIXTH & WALNUT FLEMING BUILDING

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Let Elliott's Furniture Store
frame your diploma and
class picture

424-427 EAST LOCUST STREET

"Was That Somebody You?"

"Doesn't Gladiola look stunning with her hair down on her neck that way?"

"Stunning is right, she'd look perfectly beautiful if she'd only wear it over her face."

* * *

Wonder If It Can.

"What is an echo?"

"The only thing that can beat a woman on the last word."

Try a Three Months' Membership in the
Y. M. C. A. this Summer

Ask
About

Camp Foster

The best equipped
boys' camp
in Iowa

Seniors: Write the Y. M. C. A. at the college you expect to attend next year, if you want help in registering or finding board or employment. The local Y. M. C. A. will help you if you desire.



*How much could you do if
you were unable to see to
read clearly?*

*Fits-U Spectacles adjusted
according to the results of
our scientific examinations
may be just what your boy
needs to help him in his
studies. It is worth while
to find out.*

Chittenden Co.
406 East Sixth St.

An Automatic.

A stranger to the South was watching a peculiar species of hog scratching its back against a tree. Turning to a colored man, he said:

"What kind of a hog is that?"

"Razorback," said old Jim.

"What's he doing?"

"Why, he's just stroppin' up."

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For Masque Balls, Operas, Dramas,
Tableaux, Caps and Gowns, Make-
up Goods, Masks, Beards, Wigs.

504 Walnut Street

For your Shoes and
Shoe Repairing

See Roy Banta

with

EMIL SCHNABLE

407 6th Avenue

The Senior Proclamation.

(With apologies to "Tipperary.")

It's a long way to graduation,

It's a long way to go.

It's a long way to graduation,

There's a fearful lot to know.

Good-bye to being lazy.

Greetings! School so fair;

It's a long, long way to graduation,

And I'll not be there!—Ex.

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at the Right Price is
what you want.
You'll find it here**

Hansen & Hansen

"The Home of Good Clothes"

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FURNITURE

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14th & Lyon
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Goods delivered free

The Height of Importance.

Stranger in the hall: "Beg your pardon, but could you tell me where to find some person in authority?"

Freshie: "Certainly, what can I do for you?"

Song of the Bu\$ine\$\$ Manager.

How dear to my heart i\$ the ca\$h of Sub\$criber\$.

When the generous\$ Sub\$criber pre-\$ent\$ hi\$ fee to view.

But he who won't pay, I refrain from de\$cribing

For perhap\$, gentle reader, that one may be YOU.—Ex.

Howe Studio

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Special offer to graduates, 3x8 folder, \$1.98.

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DES MOINES, IOWA

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CHANGES in educational standards and ideals have given the Universities in the large centers of population a large advantage in preparing young men and women for life. Men in the College of Law have the advantage of courts and libraries which smaller centers cannot afford. Musicians have the advantage of the much broader musical life, the chance to hear almost weekly some of the great artists of their world and the inspiration which comes from a close contact with the group of musicians always found in large cities. Students in the College of Liberal Arts find much in the complex and cosmopolitan life of a city to aid them in their studies, especially from the viewpoint of present day education.

In the preparation for business life, the school in the large center of population has an exceptional advantage. This fact has led Drake University to increase the courses offered in

Commerce and Administration

to meet the ever increasing demand of the business world of today. During 1916-17 Drake will offer Business Law, Principles of Accounting, Advance Accounting, Insurance, Factory Organization and Administration, Foreign and Domestic Exchange, Railroad Organization, Railroad Rates, Advertising and Publicity, Foreign Trade, South American Markets, Crises and Depressions, Economic Geography, Money and Banking.

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| SCIENCES: Astronomy—Chemistry—Physiology—Mathematics—Geology—Zoology—Geology—Botany—Physics | | |
| HISTORY: American—European—English—Biblical | | |
| BIBLE: Church Doctrine—Literature—Theology—Church History—Religious Philosophy | | |
| LAW: Pleading and Practice—Equity—Contracts—Torts—Criminal Law—Law Conflicts—Patents—Bankruptcy | | |
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The Fruits of Drake University are strong, capable men and women. Her ideals are democracy and accomplishment. Her traditions are self reliance, integrity and success. She bases the foundation of education upon hard work, upright character, determined pursuit of goals hard to attain.

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Spring Models Now Ready—Ask to see the
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The Ostend one button and the Blenheim two
button coats with the new skirt vests and half top
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\$15, \$17.50, \$20

SAVE "FIVE" ON YOUR SPRING SUIT

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Largest Second Floor Clothiers in Iowa

Southwest Corner 6th and Locust

Entrance 316 6th Ave.

WE RENT FULL DRESS SUITS AT \$2.00 A NIGHT

Ready, Aim.

"I wonder how so many forest fires catch?" said Mrs. McBree.

"Perhaps they catch accidentally from the mountain ranges," suggested her husband.—Ex.

* * *

A spunky little mule was trying to throw his darky rider, and in kicking about, caught his hoof in a stirrup, upon which the darky cried out in frightened tones, "Say, if you are going to get on, I'se gwine to get off."—Ex.

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Grower of flowers and floral artist in Des Moines for over
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"Our Reputation is Your Guarantee"

Two Stores—East and West Des Moines

If you want a large stock of
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ances to choose from, or if you
want wiring done, visit

The Shope Electric Co.

407 East Fifth Street

D. F. Clinger, Manager

Maple 2443

Alumnus of E. H. S.

Sold.

Frantically she dashed into the room and threw herself upon him. Her hand closed tightly upon his wrist—the glittering blade he held wavered and fell. There was a look of terrible rage in his eyes as he turned to her.

"Don't," she gasped.

"Why, not?" he asked, thickly.

"Jim cut his corns with that this morning," she breathed. "You'll have to shave with the safety."—Exchange.

Why do we say, "The silvery moon?"

I asked one of my daughters,

And she replied to me full soon,

"It comes in halves and quarters."

—Ex.

* * *

Tom Hudson: "I have traced my ancestry back to a King of England."

Rupert Celander: "That's easy. What chance has a dead man to defend himself?"

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follows where Quality is
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Today is Your Opportunity

There is always a date, an act or an incident in every man's life that affects his whole future and character. Every day there are obstacles and problems to meet, and joy or sorrow, happiness or worry, success or failure, follow in exact accord with his ability to meet them.

Thrift generates the course, strength, happiness, peace, power, and efficiency that **make for success**.

The steady plodder reaches the goal surely; but few win affluence over night. You win or lose according as you have accquired the **Savings Habit**.

These lines may mark a day of **Destiny** in **your life**, if here and now you set aside **One Dollar** to start that **Savings Habit**.

There must be a day—DO IT NOW.

Iowa Trust and Savings Bank **East 5th and Locust Streets** **Teachout Building**

W. B. Martin, President.

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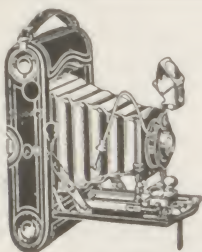
404 Teachout Building
Phone Maple 2993

Office Hours:

A. W. DUNLAP, M. D.
10 a. m. to 12
2 p. m. to 5

WALLACE DUNLAP, M. D.
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Other Hours by Appointment



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DES MOINES, IOWA

Harris: "How much for collars?"

Clerk: "Two for a quarter."

Harris: "How much for one?"

Clerk: "Fifteen cents."

Harris: "I'll take the other."

* * *

First Senior Girl: "How are your
Senior pictures?"

Second Senior Girl: "Oh, they're
kind of crazy, but Pa says you can't
fool a camera."

Mr. Easter (to dull boy in geome-
try): "You should be ashamed of
yourself. Why, at your age George
Washington was a surveyor."

Pupil: "Yes, sir, and at your age he
was president of the United States."

* * *

To flunk is human, to pass divine.

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will take care of your picnic and fam-
ily orders for ice cream and ices. We
sell the famous Hutchinson Purity Ice
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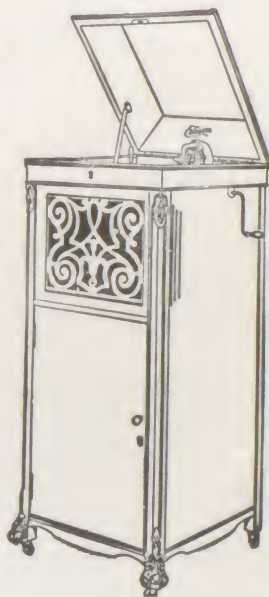
After four years of continuous labor, Thomas A. Edison, the world's greatest inventor, has given to the world a phonograph that can truly be called *perfect—a real musical instrument*. Music lovers, particularly, recognize Mr. Edison's triumph. They recognize in the New Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph that absolute fidelity to the original, that human, life-like tone that they have always hoped for but, until now, never had heard.

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The wonderful diamond stylus is the secret which gives to the New Edison its superior tone. It brings out those delicate overtones and fine shades of sound, preserved in the New Edison records, which give purity and richness. It has opened a new era in music.

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The New Edison is a revelation to all who hear it. You cannot really appreciate it until you have heard it. Come in—we will be glad to play any record you choose without obligation. You will not be asked to purchase.



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JEWELER

Capital City Bank Building
334 East Fifth Street Phone Maple 458

Mother: "Well, James, did your Sunday school teacher tell you about the heathen?"

Little James: "Yes. She said that they get awful hungry, and when they beat on their tum tum they can be heard for miles."

* * *

Teacher: "You must stay tonight after school."

Pupil: "I can't. I've got a pressing engagement with the tailor."

"When I was a little boy with curly hair, they used to call me Archie," said a man with little hair.

"I suppose they call you Archibald, now."

* * *

Little Boy: "Uncle Henry, can I take the street car home?"

Uncle: "No, they might want it."

Hild Brothers

Prescription Druggists

Candies and School Supplies

Come in

Maple 1822 9th and Fremont Sts.

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Bath Rooms

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GUY WOODS

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PHONE RED 5243

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May have many friends, but he will find none so steadfast, so ready to respond to his wants, so capable of pushing him ahead, as a little leather covered book with the name of a bank on its cover. All successful men invariably have bank accounts. Start one with us today. We know you want to succeed.

Capital City State Bank

Bank Bldg., East Fifth and Locust Streets

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